



The Improvement Era March 1960

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A



New! Tuna Twirls! prize-winning recipe with
the all prime fillet tuna-**White Star**

Only *one* brand of tuna is all prime fillet, *pressure-baked* in the special way that keeps White Star so delicate in flavor. When you see "White Star" on the label, you know it's *all* prime fillet—moist, tender, firmly packed. Yet even this *superior* tuna costs so little, it makes sense to buy the best—White Star brand.

TUNA TWIRLS
(Serves 8 to 10)

Sift together ... 2 cups sifted Pillsbury's Best All Purpose Flour
 $3\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoons double-acting baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and
2 teaspoons sugar into mixing bowl.
Cut in ... $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening until particles are fine.
Stir in ... 2 teaspoons caraway seed.
Combine ... 1 unbeaten egg and evaporated milk to measure $\frac{3}{4}$ cup. Add to dry ingredients all at once; stir until dough clings together. Knead on floured surface 10 strokes. Roll out to a 12" x 10" rectangle.

TUNA FILLING

Combine ... 2 cans ($9\frac{1}{4}$ or $6\frac{1}{2}$ oz. each) White Star tuna, broken into very small pieces

1 medium onion, grated or finely chopped
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup shredded Cheddar cheese
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cayenne pepper and
1 well-beaten egg. Mix thoroughly.

Spread evenly over dough. Roll as for jelly roll, starting with 12-inch side; cut into 10 slices. Place cut-side down on ungreased baking sheet one inch apart.

Bake in hot oven (425°) 20 to 25 minutes. Serve hot with Cheese Sauce.

CHEESE SAUCE

Melt 2 tablespoons butter in saucepan over low heat. Blend in 2 tablespoons flour and $\frac{1}{16}$ teaspoon soda. Gradually add 1 cup undiluted evaporated milk mixed with 1 cup water; cook until thick, stirring constantly. Add 1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese and salt and pepper to taste. Continue cooking until cheese melts. Add 1 can (16 oz.) VEG-ALL Mixed Vegetables, drained.

Look for the mermaid on the
label, your guarantee
of finest quality.



Exploring the Universe

by Dr. Franklin S. Harris, Jr.

The Honey Bee



The queen honey bee lays eggs at the rate of about 1500 a day. The eggs about equal her weight. The queen bee lays at this rate for three or four years.

European Salmon

Studies of European salmon have found that only one or two out of hundreds and thousands show two spawning marks, evidence that they have spawned twice and are returning for a third time. Rarely giant salmon are found which indicate signs of three or even four spawnings but not more.

Water Requirements of Cattle



Work summarized by Winchester and Morris of the United States Department of Agriculture indicates that the water requirements of cattle are 0.3 to 0.4 gallon per pound of dry matter consumed; that salted rations may increase water consumption 20 to 100 percent, and that raising the environmental temperature from 40° Fahrenheit to 90° Fahrenheit increases the water used 2.5 times.

All the flavor is not in the cheese

(or the salad or dip or
soup, or whatever you
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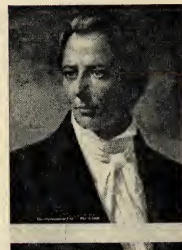
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Era Staff, 129, 132, 151, 154, 172, 197, 198-199, 208
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THE COVER:

Artist Alvin Gittins's oil portrait of the Prophet Joseph Smith hangs in the west conference room of the Church Administration Building in Salt Lake City. The color transparency for ERA cover use was made by Hal Ruml.

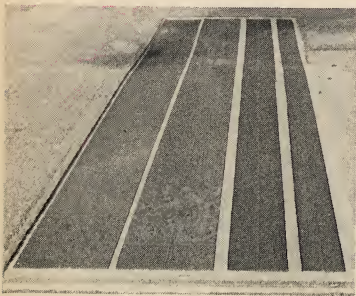
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previously. Land had been in oats. Soil was sandy loam with some heavy clay spots. Time and fuel were carefully measured by the judges.

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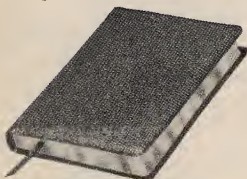
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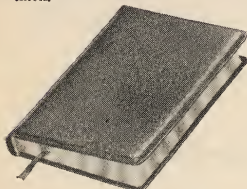
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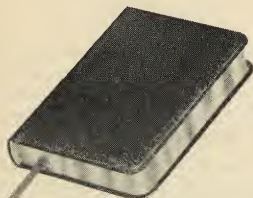
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The words of Christ are printed in red in this beautiful Bible. Bound in Morocco grain Calif. half circuit. Brevier, self-pronouncing, black-face type. Concordance. 5x7 $\frac{1}{4}$, only $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick.



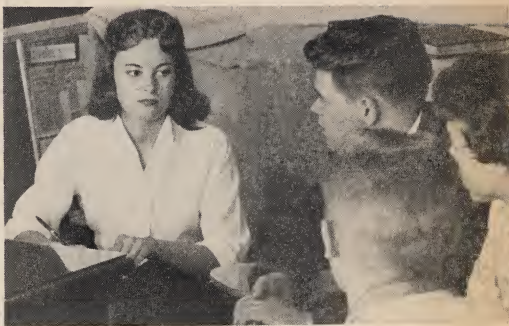
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Morocco, hand grained, limp, leather lined, round corners, gold edges. Brevier black-face type. BLACK, BLUE, MAROON, or RED. 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ x6 $\frac{3}{8}$ x $\frac{3}{8}$ ".

Authorized King James Version

OXFORD UNIVERSITY
PRESS

These Times



Time for the Family:

The Children Speak

by G. Homer Durham
Vice President, University of Utah

Towards a 1960 "White House Conference on Children and Youth," 42,014 secondary school students in Utah have reported "the most important problems they face today" under each of the following topics:

1. The Family
2. Religion
3. Leisure-time Activities
4. Health
5. Education
6. Welfare
7. Government
8. Vocations

A fifty-page compilation of the results has been made by Vaughn L. Hall, Executive Secretary of the Utah Conference. Some fifty-three senior high schools and forty-six junior high schools are represented. The report boils down to a basic challenge. Parents should provide leadership for their children. Too many are mere economic providers, often at an unnecessary and unappreciated luxury level.

Among the replies:

Religion: "We need greater spirituality and less importance . . . given

to material things and possessions."

Leisure Time: "There is a need for youth centers . . . with strong adult supervision where teen-agers can . . . let off steam sensibly."

Health: "We don't get enough sleep. Too many people, organizations, groups schedule too many things for us to do in the evenings and at night." "Many . . . eat too much junk and too little wholesome food."

Education: "Academic and scholastic achievement needs greater stress and recognition."

Welfare: "Father should be at the head of the house. Parents should say no when it is for the best good of the teen-ager."

Government: "Law enforcement officers and the courts are far too lenient and inconsistent with young people who get into trouble. . . . We are warned or threatened about juvenile delinquency, but these threats are never carried out." . . . "Too much government control on the right to work."

(Continued on page 206)

WE TAKE

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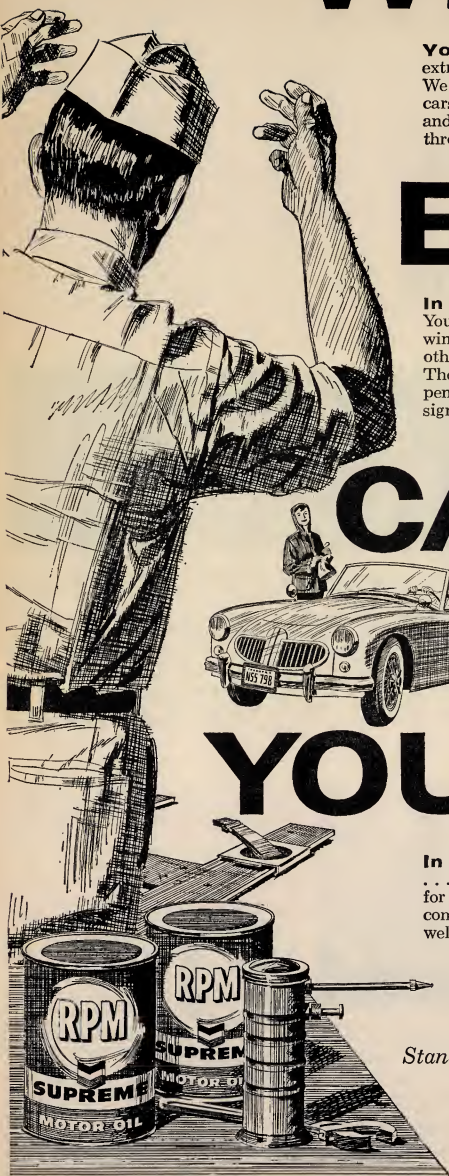


*American
or Foreign*

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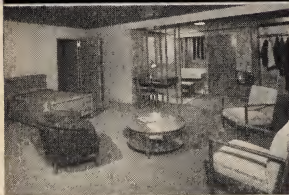
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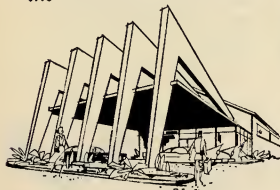
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Max Dean, Mgr.

Letters and Reports



The entire Beehive and Mia Maid classes of the Cardston (Alberta, Canada) Second Ward earned individual awards during 1958-1959. All twenty-six girls received their Honor Bee or Mia Joy awards as well.

Pictured (back row, from left to right) are: Sandra McBride, Kathryn Matkin, Carol Tagg, Joanne Stewart, Iona Rutledge, Geraldine McNaughton, Colette Card. (center row) Mia Maid teacher Bernice Baines, Eileen McNaughton, Brenda Jensen, Margaret Jean Baines, Doris Shields, Karen Shields, Colleen Bennett, Barbara Herr, Maureen Sloan, Jerrilyn Jensen, Irene Weiss, Louise Herr, Beehive teacher Elva Stewart. (front row) Cheryl Dee Wolff, Judy Wolff, Karen Pitcher, Geneva Smith, Sharon Glines, Rebecca Crawford. Two girls, Donna Prince and Pearl Sommerfeldt, and Beehive teacher Rita Sommerfeldt were unable to be present when picture was taken.



Pictured above are conscientious genealogy workers Frank and Rhodanna Mattison from the Grand Rapids Branch of the Great Lakes Mission.

In 1958, Brother and Sister Mattison completed and sent in 3,324 names for registration. Of these, 446 were accepted by the Genealogical Committee in Salt Lake City. As the result of tracing, 10,000 names in the Moore, Sias, and Wilkie fam-

ily lines they have been instrumental in the publication of a book on these families. The Mattisons are now retired from regular work and are devoting full time to genealogical research.

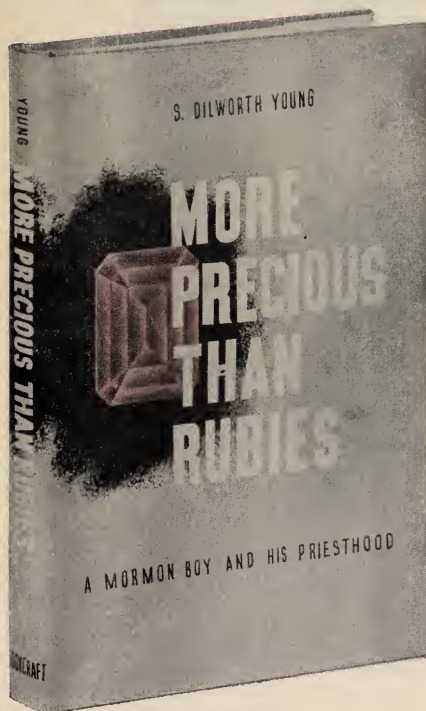


Sue Porter, a senior at Cushing (Oklahoma) high school, recently was awarded Cushing's 1959 Good Citizenship Award, presented by the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution.

Sue is the eldest of a family of five children of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Porter. The entire family was baptized on September 5, 1959, after being contacted by missionaries earlier in the summer. They all are active in the Cushing Branch, West Oklahoma

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Some of the important topics discussed:

- What is the priesthood?
- Why are we here?
- Why go to seminary?
- What is a prophet?
- Respect for parents.
- How we use the priesthood.
- What the Word of Wisdom means.
- The value of chastity.
- The Church and the world.

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District, Central States Mission. Sue, a high school honor student, teaches a Primary class in the branch.



A ninety-year-old full-blooded Cherokee Indian, Sister Dollie Greenup, was baptized a member of the Church last September in the Red Star (Gulf States Mission) Branch. Born in a cave some thirty miles from McAllister, Oklahoma, Sister Greenup lived the nomadic life of the early Indians. Her father, Willie Tingnor, was born in Keokuk,

Iowa, while his family were making a trip from the Dakotas. Both her parents and four sisters died of tuberculosis.

An Englishman, Ed Greenup, took a fancy to her after seeing her ride a wild pony. They were married by six Indian chiefs and then by a Justice of the Peace. Ed and Dollie lived a full life, traveling the United States in a truck while Ed worked for a railroad company. They visited Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, and England as they continued in the traditional nomadic life of her forefathers.

Today, Sister Greenup lives in a neat little house in Brookhaven. She studies the gospel diligently and has read the complete standard works of the Church (the Book of Mormon four times) and a number of other classics in Church literature.

Looking amazingly young for her years, Sister Greenup looks like any other active, elderly lady in the branch except when she dons her native costume for such festivities as home town celebrations.

reported by Elder Larry E. Dorius

Orderville, Utah

Dear Editors:

It is a privilege to represent [Era Director] such a fine magazine as the Era. We especially enjoy the excellent artwork which makes the printed material so much more enjoyable. One of the best covers you've ever featured was the painting of the sea gulls and the wagon wheel, by Everett Thorpe. It was so inspiring we framed it to hang on our wall. (How I'd love to see the original! Could you tell me where it is and whether it can be viewed?)

Thank you!

Janice F. Esplin
for Larry Esplin

P.S. Of course we always appreciate the great work of Arnold Friberg, and the cover for December was no exception—it is lovely!

J.F.E.

Test Drive and you'll agree -

Ten miles are worth 10,000 words!

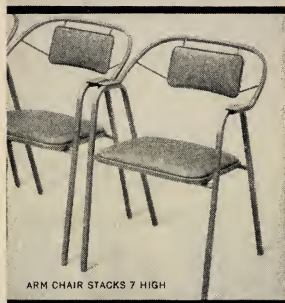


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The Church Moves On

December 1959

5 Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, lifelong worker in the Relief Society, and eighth general president of that organization, died in Salt Lake City at the age of eighty-seven. Speakers at the funeral, held December 8, included Mrs. Belle S. Spafford, present general president of the Relief Society, President David O. McKay, Nicholas G. Morgan, Sr., and Bishop R. Roberts Higham of the East Twenty-seventh Ward, who conducted the services.

6 American River Stake was organized from parts of the North Sacramento and Sacramento (California) stakes. President Austin G. Hunt and his counselors, Elders George E. Leavitt and R. Bay Hutchings, formerly serving in the North Sacramento Stake, were sustained to preside in the American River Stake. Elder Lester D. Call sustained as president of the North Sacramento Stake with Elders John M. Newey and Ralph A. Greenwell as his counselors. American River Stake has a membership of approximately 4,150, comprising six wards, taken from North Sacramento Stake, and one branch, taken from Sacramento Stake. North Sacramento Stake has a membership of approximately 3,700, residing in six wards and two branches. The organizations, bringing the total stakes in the Church to 290, were directed by President Joseph Fielding Smith and Elder Mark E. Petersen, both of the Council of the Twelve.

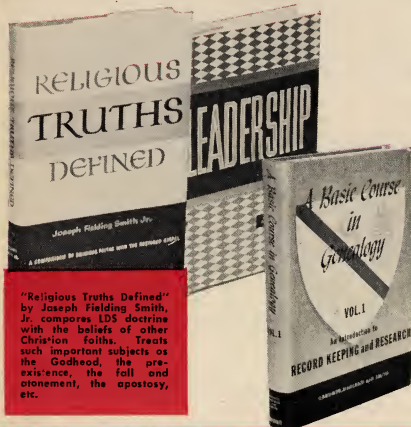
13 Elder Alvin R. Dyer, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, spoke to the subject "The Gospel of Restraint," on the *Faith in Action*, radio series of the National Broadcasting Company.

20 Elder Howard W. Hunter, of the Council of the Twelve, spoke to the subject "The Light of the World," on the *Faith in Action* radio series of the National Broadcasting Company. Elder Maurice J. Taylor sustained as president of Temple View (Salt Lake City) Stake, succeeding President Percy K. Fetzner who is now serving as president of the North German Mission. President Taylor's counselors are Elders John R. Burt and Donald M. Ferguson. Released with President Fetzner were his counselors, Elders Burt and LeGrande Dowdle.

26 The appointment of Amanda J. (Mrs. Laurel J.) Brown and May G. (Mrs. Clifton R.) Davis to the general board of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association was announced.

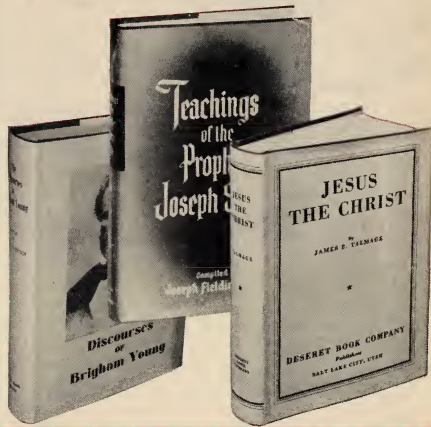
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Second, the modern, efficient methods of transporting, refrigerating, displaying and selling which bring food into your kitchen fresher, finer, more appetizing and easier to cook than ever before. And for the great variety of services offered, Safeway takes only 1.5 cents net profit on the sales dollar.

Safeway works with the farmer to make food a real bargain for YOU.

**FRIEND OF THE FAMILY
FRIEND OF THE FARMER**



27 Speaking to the responsibility of both parents in the rearing of children, President S. Dilworth Young of the First Council of the Seventy gave an address on the *Faith in Action* radio series of the National Broadcasting Company.

28 The First Presidency announced the appointment of Elder H. Roland Tietjen as president of the Hawaiian Temple. He succeeds President Ray E. Dillman who was recently released. President Tietjen has been director of personnel at the Bureau of Information, Laie, Oahu, Hawaii, for the past two years. He was formerly a president of the South Sevier (Utah) Stake.

January 1960

3 President David O. McKay addressed the youth of the Church on the ideals of courtship and marriage. He spoke in the Tabernacle, which was filled to overflowing, and his voice and message were taken by closed-wire circuit to other groups of young people in the Mountain Time zone. Where time zones were a problem, his specifically recorded message was used before youth groups. He was introduced this evening by Elder Mark E. Petersen, of the Council of the Twelve. In all, approximately 170 congregations of youth, representing the 290 stakes of the Church, were assembled to hear the President. For the following twelve weeks, other members of the General Authorities will address the youth on Sunday evening, discussing vital questions.

10 Elder Mark E. Petersen of the Council of the Twelve delivered the first radio "fireside message" of the current twelve-talk series to the youth of the Church.

Elder Melvin O. Dearden sustained as first counselor to President Roland C. Bremer of the San Antonio (Texas) Stake, succeeding Elder Virgil James. Elder Rex S. Hansen sustained as second counselor succeeding Elder Dearden.

11 The First Presidency announced the appointment of Elder C. Laird Snelgrove as president of the Argentine Mission, succeeding President Lorin N. Pace. President Snelgrove has been a counselor in the Granite (Salt Lake City) Stake presidency for fifteen years. He is a former bishop of Lincoln Ward. He served as a missionary in the Mexican Mission 1931-34. Mrs. Snelgrove and their six children will accompany him to Argentina.

16 It was announced that approval by the First Presidency had been given to bring the current youth "campaign" into the English-speaking missions of the Church.

17 President Marion D. Hanks of the First Council of the Seventy gave the second talk in the radio series that comprises the current youth firesides held throughout the English-speaking portions of the Church each Sunday evening.

24 Via radio and tape recording, Elder Marion D. Hanks addressed the youth of the Church in their Sunday evening firesides.

31 Elder Marion D. Hanks of the First Council of the Seventy gave his concluding discussion in the Sunday evening fireside series for the youth of the Church.

February 1960

1 February is the month of the annual Penny Drive of the Primary Association. Funds collected go for the support of the Primary Children's Hospital in Salt Lake City.

The First Presidency issued a statement urging the support of the current "Heart Drive." Similar statements are made from time to time in support of other health drives.



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The printed companions we choose

by President David O. McKay

There are great books and good periodicals and poor books and bad periodicals just as there are good companions and bad companions. Our characters are formed largely by the company we choose. We “catch” virtues and vices as well as diseases from our associates. Noble companions inspire nobility, but evil associates lead to moral failure.

As with companions, so with books! We may choose those which will make us better, more intelligent, more appreciative of the good and beautiful in the world, or we may choose the trashy, the vulgar, the obscene, which will make us feel as though we’ve been “wallowing in the mire.”

The value of good reading consists first, in selecting

good books, and, second, in seeing clearly what is therein written. Reading affords the opportunity to everyone—the poor, the rich, the humble, the great—to spend as many hours as he wishes in the company of the noblest men and women that the world has ever known. No matter how bashful, how reserved, or how poorly dressed the reader may be, he will feel right “at home” in the presence of these greatest leaders and thinkers of all time!

In June 1921, during the world-wide mission tour that the late Elder Hugh J. Cannon and I made together, we were required by law to stay in quarantine, for several days, on Makahaa Island, in the South Seas. I recall writing in my diary these words: “Men

sometimes get stranded, but the current of life flows on without them!"

While there one day I read to four of the elders who were sharing my shady nook, under a large scraggy, gnarled fotulona tree, poems from *A Heap o' Livin'* by Edgar A. Guest, and half of Shakespeare's play, *As You Like It*. One of these young elders "never liked Shakespeare," so after I had read one or two scenes, I stopped and inquired, "Are you getting tired?"

"No, go on," the missionaries answered.

When it was mealtime, the spokesman said:

"Please finish it tomorrow, Brother McKay, will you?"

"I think I heard one of you say," I replied, "that he did not like Shakespeare."

"Well, that's the first time I ever liked him," the young elder said.

That is just another example proving that interest can always be awakened by producing mental pictures of personality and action.

The following afternoon I read *Hamlet* to the elders.

Good reading implies thinking. Sentences may be seen and even pronounced without calling up a single idea; indeed, the person's mind may be on something else entirely; for example, students sometimes pretend to study their lessons by looking with their eyes at the assigned page, while their thoughts wander. When the reader's mind thus wanders, though every word in the paragraph be seen, the paragraph has not been read. Good reading is thinking. It is getting the meaning of the printed page. Good reading is to the intellect what good food is to the body. Thoughts as food should be properly digested.

Our homes are being challenged today in nearly every field of human activity. The forces of evil are intent upon destroying the faith and preventing the Church activity of not only the youth, but of parents as well.

Reading material should be chosen wisely. As a man may be judged by the company he keeps, so his leanings for the highest and best or the low and the vulgar in life are indicated by what he reads. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," and vile literature debases the soul.

One of the avenues of destruction, and one that is most effective, is improper and harmful reading mat-

ter with alluring but sinful and highly objectionable pictures. Today the newsstands are flooded with magazines that never should enter a Latter-day Saint home—or any home, or any mind, or any heart.

But in the Church we are fortunate to have fine periodicals that present and point up that which is good in life. Surely every Latter-day Saint home should have all these periodicals, and use them as a compass and a guide in daily life.

Many of us, when we think of studying, immediately form a mental picture of young Abraham Lincoln. It is interesting to note how, undoubtedly, his early reading affected his future life and character. Of course, we know from his own words that the memory of his angel mother influenced him profoundly. She died when he was but nine years old, yet in after years he said: "All that I am or hope to be I owe to my angel mother."

It is true that our mothers "make us most"; but good companions and good reading are wonderful supplemental helps. So I think it was with President Lincoln. Early in his life he chose good reading. Chief among his favorite books were the Bible, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Aesop's *Fables*, and Shakespeare's plays.

From another of his first books—*The Life of Washington* by Weems—the lanky lad, lying outstretched in the flickering light of a crude fireplace, would read and treasure such sayings as these:

"Our private deeds if noble are the noblest of our lives."

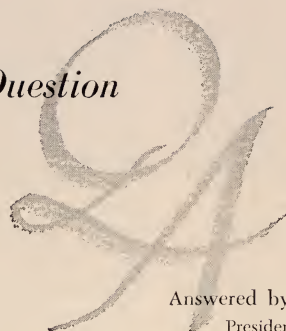
"My son," his father is reputed to have said, "I would ride fifty miles to see the boy whose heart is honest and his life so pure that we may depend upon every word he says."

Much of the greatness of George Washington was instilled in the character of Abraham Lincoln in hours thus spent.

Reading is so much a part of modern life, and its effect so far-reaching, that anything we do to encourage and develop proper reading habits is bound to be helpful to the people and to the Church.

Never neglect the opportunity to read aloud from the scriptures, from other Church books and periodicals, or from the classics of world literature as you meet in your precious family hours in your homes. It will pay big dividends in togetherness and in eternal happiness.

Your Question



Answered by Joseph Fielding Smith
President of the Council of the Twelve

DIFFERENCES IN GENEALOGICAL LINEAGES

Question:

"I wish to receive an answer to the following question: Is it possible for all the members of a family, including father and mother, to be of the tribe of Ephraim and one son in that family to be of the tribe of Manasseh?"

Answer:

It is very possible that a patriarch in giving blessings to a family may declare that one or more may be of a different lineage from the others through the inspiration which he receives. We have in our archives, blessings showing this difference to exist in families. Without giving this question careful thought one might conclude that the patriarch had spoken without inspiration, but such would be an incorrect conclusion.

The fact is that we, each and all, have descended through a mixed lineage. No one can lay claim to a perfect descent from father to son through just one lineage. The Lord blessed Abraham and said:

"And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee above measure, and make thy name great among all nations, and thou shalt be a blessing unto thy seed after thee, that in their hands they shall bear this ministry and Priesthood unto all nations;

"And I will bless them through thy name; for as many as receive this Gospel shall be . . . accounted thy seed, and shall rise up and bless thee, as their father;

"And I will bless them that bless thee, and curse them that curse thee; and in thee (that is, in thy Priesthood) and in thy seed (that is, thy Priesthood), for I give unto thee a promise that this right shall continue in thee, and in thy seed after thee (that is to say, the literal seed, or the seed of the body) shall all the families of the earth be blessed, even with the blessings of the Gospel, which are the blessings of salvation, even of life eternal." (Abraham 2:9-11.)

Therefore through the scattering of Israel among the nations, the blood of Israel was mixed with the Gentile nations, fulfilling the promise made to Abraham, and most of the members of the Church, although they are designated as descendants of Abraham, through Israel also have in their veins Gentile blood. This is to say, no one is a direct descendant through Ephraim through each generation, or through Manasseh or any other one of the sons of Jacob, without having acquired the blood of some other tribe in Israel in that descent. When Israel came out of Egypt, Moses separated them into twelve tribes, and by virtue of this inheritance they were assigned to certain parts of the land of Palestine. However, the members of these tribes were not compelled to marry within their particular tribe. Neither were the Israelites placed under any edict that they had to remain on inheritances within the borders of the territory assigned to their particular tribe.

There is no question that they were at liberty to move from place to place and to marry as they chose among the several tribes. When the ten tribes were

taken away into Assyria, it does not mean that all of the members of these ten tribes were transported and that none were left. The Israelites had the privilege of moving from place to place and of intermarrying as they pleased among the tribes of Israel. Therefore, perhaps none of them came down through the ages with a pure descent from any one of the sons of Israel. Without doubt there were those in the tribe of Ephraim who married into the tribe of Judah, or Manasseh, and those of the tribe of Manasseh that could have married into the tribe of Ephraim, and so on among the other tribes of Israel.

Moreover we have learned that the Lord said that he would scatter Israel among the Gentile nations, and by doing so he would bless the Gentile nations with the blood of Abraham. Today we are preaching the gospel in the world and we are gathering out, according to the revelations given to Isaiah, Jeremiah, and other prophets, the scattered sheep of the house of Israel. These scattered sheep are coming forth mixed with Gentile blood from their Gentile forefathers. Under all the circumstances it is very possible that the majority, almost without exception, of those who come into the Church in this dispensation have the blood of two or more of the tribes of Israel as well as the blood of the Gentiles.

The Book of Mormon states that Joseph Smith the Prophet was a descendant of Joseph, son of Jacob. By revelation we learn also that he is of the tribe of Ephraim, but it is evident that he also had some Gentile blood in him, for it is written in the Book of Mormon, that it came forth, "by way of the Gentile," and it came by Joseph Smith. It is reasonable, therefore, to understand that we one and all have come through a mixed relationship, and that the blood of Ephraim and also of Manasseh could be in the veins of many of us, likewise the blood of others of the twelve tribes of Israel, and that none of us had come through the ages with clear exclusive descent from father to son through any one of the tribes.

In giving blessings the patriarch then is directing the lineage through the blood that predominates, and there could be one son who would be designated as of Ephraim and his brother, of the same father and mother, could correctly be said to be of the blood of Manasseh, or of Benjamin, or of any other member of the tribes of Israel. One of the best examples of this difference in blood is recorded in the book of Genesis. It is the birth of Esau and Jacob. They were twin brothers, yet, according to what is revealed they were as far apart as though they had been born to parents of different nationalities. Perhaps this is explained by Mendel's Law governing the differences in parental offspring.

Aunt Jody

by Albert R. Lyman

Josephine Wood was glad to be alive after the strenuous journey from Cedar City to the treacherous Colorado, the crossing of which was the most perilous and hair-raising part of the trip. She was also thankful to the Lord for their arrival in Bluff, but what did it have to offer them? What promise of compensating reward for what they had sacrificed, what they had suffered? For the present nothing but the cramped quarters in the little log fort with its mud roofs through which the water came dripping after every shower! Everything was crude and primitive; they were a long and roadless hundred miles from any other place where white people lived, and on the south of them just across the river, the great hostile nation of Navajos. On the north of them, and all around, the still more quarrelsome and disagreeable renegade Piutes, and besides the Navajos and the Piutes to steal everything they could find unguarded, the wild and remote San Juan was overrun with outlaws and desperadoes hiding from the law all over the West. She had, however, this one consolation, as expressed by their campfire on their way: "When the call comes from the President of the Church, we go." She was making the honest answer to her deepest conviction of what is right, and that was most important of all. As we follow her on through her years of tribulation, we find her unflinching with this kind of answer to the call, even when its demands seemed surprisingly bitter.

She was never again to have as good a home as the

one they had left in Cedar. When the people of Bluff began moving out of the fort in 1883, or '84, and building on their lots, Sam Wood built a log room on a little hill a block west of the fort, and later another room about twelve feet south of it, still later to connect the two rooms with board walls and floor and roof, making a three-room home, thatched with mud, which was never replaced with shingles, nor anything that would turn the rain.

A spirit of love and good cheer and brotherhood prevailed with these builders of the remote mission; they had all made great sacrifice to come to and begin this difficult work for the sake of friendly relations with the Indians, and they drew together for mutual purpose and mutual defense. The Woods received and reciprocated this mission spirit as souls who had been especially attuned to be a vital part of it.

The Thales Haskell family lived at this time in Bluff; Sister Haskell took the part of nurse and doctor. The Woods established themselves in their homes on the hill and fitted into the industrial, social, and spiritual life of the isolated little world like a part made to order. Like all others in Bluff they had been initiated by the rugged pathway of hardship, and they could adjust with thankful hearts to any kind of privation the duties of the mission might impose. Kumen Jones said the people never would have stopped at Bluff in the first place and would not have stayed when they did stop, if they had not been fittingly inured to its hardships on the way.

Sam Wood, industrious and resourceful, set about to provide for his loved ones in Bluff as he had done in Cedar, but the faraway-ness of the wild frontier and the lack of resources, limited him as it limited the others to their crude homes and primitive conveniences. He had a garden, an orchard, and land in the field, and retained his limited number of livestock as well as he could from thieves on every side. His two rooms, like every other house in Bluff at that time, was built of the crooked and twisting cottonwoods that grew along the river, the kind that defy mechanical skill and mock at artistic taste. But within these log walls prevailed the blessed atmosphere of

See previous episodes from the life of Aunt Jody, Sept. 1958 and February, March, and August 1959.

home, without which, a palace is a desolate place to live. With its crudeness, there wasn't a home where more parties, candy pulls, quiltings, and children's gatherings were held than in this home.

With all the stark inconveniences and discomforts of life in the log shelters of faraway Bluff in the early eighties, it was a life of peace and comfort compared to life among the rugged rocks and thirsty sands along the dim wagon-tracks leading away in any direction. A trip back to Cedar at that time took longer and cost more in money and anguish than a journey halfway around the world today. The trip meant a month or more of toil and torment, with heavy accent on the torment. It meant the slow and laborious dragging of cumbersome, iron-tired wagons over more than three hundred miles of flintlike rocks and unhardened sand, with pony teams to tug and puff, to reek with sweat and develop raw sores on their shoulders. These horses had to subsist mainly on such grass and forage as they could find as they hunted for it with hobbles on their feet in the nighttime, and sometimes they balked, and refused to pull a pound, even though they should be whipped to death. A trip called for the gameness of a coyote to meet all kinds of weather, day or night, to drive where no road had been made or could be made with such equipment as they had then, and to cross rivers with perilous ferry arrangements or no ferry at all.

All the same, for two potent reasons, the Woods were determined to make a trip back to Cedar, even though they knew by stern experience just what it would mean. One of those reasons was that a new member was to join the family, and Aunt Jody wanted to be cared for by her sister on the occasion of the new arrival; her sister, Mary Ann Corlett, who had acted as her mother from early childhood, and who had been present with her love and her skill when the other children were born.

It was towards the end of 1884, or possibly early in 1885, that they left Bluff with their four little folks in a covered wagon, with winter either upon them or threatening at any time to break loose. They traveled in company with four other families; Frederic I. Jones,



... there wasn't a home where more parties, candy pulls, quiltings, and children's gatherings were held than in his home.

Nephi Bailey, Hanson Bayles, and Tom Rowley. This time they came by way of Moab, not at Hall's Crossing of the Colorado which they took on their way to Bluff.

It took the little company three days to cross the Colorado at Moab, and this is a safe basis for guessing about their difficulty in crossing Green River farther on. I recall crossing these two rivers with my parents that same fall, and I am sure the present generation has little notion of the bother, delay, and painful inconvenience it involves. It was not only slow but dangerous. The wagons had to be unloaded and taken apart and rowed over the wide streams in little skiffs. The horses had to swim. I was too young to realize that people in the days of Adam, no doubt, had ways of crossing rivers with more ease and dispatch than they were crossed in southeastern Utah in the early eighties.

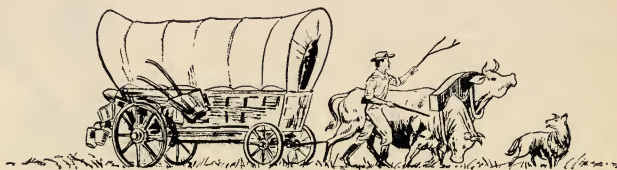
There is no good reason to believe that Aunt Jody let all the valuable experience of that journey back to Cedar pass without being written. The care of her four children simply added to the richness of the ordeal, and the more reason to preserve it for future use, but her record is not available. She enjoyed living; she had a relish for the intensities which give existence its color and its tang. She clung to these peculiar values as the essential ingredients of the charm and magnetism by which she ministered so effectively to the people in need.

When they reached Cedar, with the chilly winds of winter magnifying the importance of comfortable homes, they were homeless in the dear environment which had ever been home hitherto. The brick house which they had built with its six cozy rooms was filled by others, and the Woods had no alternative but to lodge with relatives. The sight of their old home, attractive and comfortable, could not fail to remind them of their poor cabins in Bluff, the ordeal of getting there again, and the promise of little more than an extended ordeal after their return thither. Is it

possible they did not think how pleasant it would be to forget about San Juan, its impossible roads, and its outcome doubtful and distantly future?

We know the vision of it rose before them in most alluring colors. We know too that they stood then and always true to their convictions; not only to return in honor to the call of the Church for pioneers, but in returning to assume, voluntarily, a heavier obligation and a greater burden than they had carried before. All this had been in their plan before leaving Bluff. But for this, the new baby would have been born with such attention as the new San Juan settlement could give.

The new baby was born on the 23rd of February, 1885, and given the name of George William, yet somehow he went by the name of Budd during his



twenty-two years before he died as a missionary in Texas in the vigorous and athletic bloom of his young manhood.

We recall that the Wood people on their return trip to Cedar chose to go by way of Moab, hoping to find a better way than that by which they went to Bluff in 1882. With the crossing of that terrible wilderness ahead of them again in the fall of 1885, they decided on still another road, which promised to be shorter, and they hoped it would be better. That it could be worse seemed quite impossible.

This third trip, routed through the big wilds by way of what was then known as Dandy Crossing on the Colorado River, turned out to be worse than either one of the other two. Yet with every point in the journey, and with every day bringing more trying

situations, they could still indulge the hope that the morrow would be better.

Getting themselves crowded into the covered wagons again—bedding, provisions, grain, equipment they were taking into their new country, and the endless number of things people have somehow to carry with them—the eight members of the family, including the new baby—it was slow and unpleasant labor.

Few families ventured to travel this long and perilous road alone; it was considered safer and saner to go in companies. It was to be a little company now with Willard Butt and his young wife Julie Nielson; her mother, Aunt Elsie Nielson; her half-brother, Jense P. Nielson; and the three little motherless children of her father's third wife who had recently died in Cedar; a company of fifteen: three men, four women, and eight children.

On the seventeenth of November, according to Josephine's journal, "After we had passed through the trying and heartaching time of saying good-bye, we started off in a snowstorm, and it never stopped snowing till we got to Johnson." She writes that they traveled on "very sad and not much to say," and were glad to be invited in out of the storm at Redcreek. At their camp the next night, "stormy night, the wind blew most terribly. In the morning we could not find dry clothing for the children. . . . Our wagon covers leaked badly. . . . After partly unloading we found enough dry clothing to get along." On the 20th and 21st, "Terribly stormy and cold," as they toiled through a mountainous region with mud and snow and heavy hills. On the evening of the 21st they were glad to find a ranch house, and nineteen people slept there on the floor.

In the stress of these cold days with the great necessity being to cover as much of the road as possible while their long four-horse and trail-wagon outfits were in moving gear, they made no stop for the noon-day meal but "took a cold bite for dinner." On the evening of the 23rd they found another ranch house in which to retreat from the weather and Aunt Jody wrote, ". . . we thank the Lord, for it is most terribly cold."

Storms and cold weather continued as the little

company crawled along the winding track over hills, over ruts and mud and rocks. They ". . . camped on cold wet ground with nothing but the canopy of heaven to cover us." Baking, cooking, drying out wet clothing by the campfire in the evening was a common feature of the day's program. They walked long and often to lighten the load for the weary teams, and she speaks of climbing hills in falling snow with her baby in her arms.

"I thought we were having a worse time than the people in the handcart company," she writes. "But Sister Nielson (Aunt Elsie), one of the old handcarters, says this is nothing to compare with that, so we think, after all, that we should be thankful."

Some days they progressed six miles only, and at about the last place where it would be possible to buy grain, they waited a whole day, baking, washing, shoeing horses, and rounding up their shoulders generally for the more difficult part of the journey still ahead. Back and forth across the track they were to follow, roared the treacherous Dirty Devil River, and other places awaiting with less devilish names, were to be nonetheless unpleasant or unsafe to encounter. Beyond that, most perilous of all, ran the awesome Colorado in its deep-cut gorge.

And still the resolute woman wrote, not with pencil but with ink, wrote while she had to wait by the road for the slow-moving outfits, wrote instead of repining. Her time-faded record after these seventy-odd years is a sweet echo of what she suffered in mind and body with her love and goodwill prevailing. Often in making the final entry for the day she writes: "Well good night, and God bless everybody."

Surely the Lord was watching over and fitting this choice woman for the difficult and unusual part she was to take. It was the school of tribulation—a wondrous school, the school through which great souls mount up to wear white robes as seen in the vision of John. (Rev. 7:13-14.) What other school is equal to it in softening the heart and refining the feelings of men? As stated before: It was only because of the school of tribulation at Hole-in-the-Rock that any of that company of pioneers were toned down in their feelings to stop at Bluff when they finally arrived, and then to stay (Continued on page 203)



THERE IS A NEW LOOK IN THE DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

by Alma A. Gardiner, Director of Curriculum, Dept. of Education

The seven year period, just concluding, has seen tremendous growth in more than one aspect of the program of the seminaries, institutes of religion, and Deseret clubs of the Church educational system. Most elating to the Church Board of Education is the rapidly increasing numbers of youth who are availing themselves of the religious and moral training offered through these three great programs. Likewise, the scholarship and academic achievements of all employees have steadily increased. Further, better and more meaningful relationships on the part of department of education personnel with secular school of-

ficials and with ward and stake authorities is in much greater evidence. Last but by no means least in these accomplishments is the number of converts that have been made and the number of nonmembers who have been and are availing themselves of the various high school and college level programs of religious education sponsored by the Church.¹

¹A detailed report of these items was given by President Ernest L. Wilkinson, administrator of the Unified Church School System, at the regular meeting of the Church Board of Education on December 3, 1959. This article stems from the figures and charts presented in this meeting.

The four areas which evidence this vigor and vitality the most are now to be considered.

I. GROWTH WITHIN THE PROGRAM OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

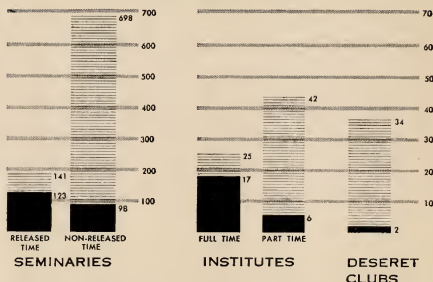
Three phases of the growth and development of the Church program of religious education indicate the rapid progress made since the inauguration of the Unified Church School System. These are the greatly increased number of seminaries, institutes of religion, and Deseret clubs; the constantly expanding enrollment of the youth of the Church in these programs; and the yearly increments to the size of the graduating classes.

Chart I, chart II, and chart V tell the growth story since the unification of Church schools. Released-time seminaries—those operating on a full-day schedule in Church-owned buildings adjacent to high schools—have increased from 123 to 141 since 1952-53. Seminary instruction is now available to every Mormon youth enrolled in the high schools of the state of Utah. In adjacent states this opportunity is increasing year by year. Non-released-time seminaries, usually single classes held in ward chapels previous to the commencement to the secular schools attended by LDS youth, have shown the tremendous growth of 643 percent—from 98 in 1953 to 698 at the present time. These classes are now dotting the entire nation; some are operating in Canada and Mexico. Just this year, new classes have been provided for the youth of the Church in the Cincinnati, the Florida, the Kansas City, the Orlando, the South Carolina, and the Virginia stakes.

Full-time institutes of religion have been expanded from 17 to 25, and the part-time group of institutes now number 42 instead of only 6. This means that LDS students at 67 colleges presently have an opportunity to enroll for institute classes where in 1952-53 only 23 colleges and universities were served by this religious education program of the Church. Deseret clubs, which provide a social program and a semi-monthly opportunity for religious instruction where smaller numbers of LDS students are enrolled at a particular university or college, number 32, where only 2 were functioning in 1953. Further, many clubs that were organized during the 7-year period are now functioning as either full-or-part-time institutes of religion.

The expansion of facilities for seminary and institute instruction has not, alone, accounted for the increased enrollments amounting to 80 percent and 98 percent, respectively, since 1952-53. There has been a steady increase in students attending previously established seminaries and institutes of religion through an ever-growing interest and (Continued on page 186)

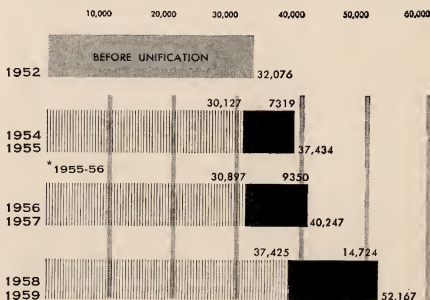
NO. 1: GROWTH OF NUMBER OF SEMINARIES AND INSTITUTES 1952-53 1959-60 (AS OF DECEMBER 1, 1959)



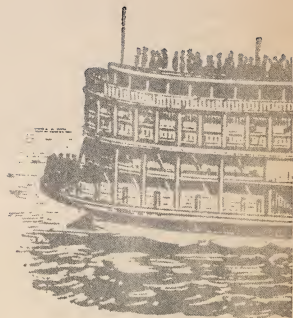
NO. 2: GROWTH OF SEMINARIES AND INSTITUTES SINCE 1952-53 (AS OF DECEMBER 1, 1959)

ENROLLMENT	1952-53	1959-59
SEMINARIES	32,076	52,167
INSTITUTES	4,202	7,822
NO. OF GRADUATES		
SEMINARIES	6,405	9,772
INSTITUTES	421	836
NO. OF NON-LDS STUDENTS		
SEMINARIES	510	870
INSTITUTES	252	318
NO. OF BAPTISMS		
SEMINARIES	73	437
INSTITUTES	31	119

NO. 3: ENROLLMENT IN SEMINARIES EARLY MORNING 1955-56 RELEASED-TIME



* All 7th and 8th grade classes not connected with Senior Seminary were dropped, resulting in a decline of 1208 students.



A Faith That Was Justified

by Norma Habeck Sommer

One evening in April 1956, I boarded the train in my hometown of Oconomowoc, Wisconsin. My destination was Toledo, Ohio, which lay about nine hours ahead. I was in search of genealogy and had faith that the Lord would help me to find it. Truly his guidance was needed, for I knew no one in this city and had no idea of where I would stay. But deep in my heart there was no fear that this trip was in vain. So with records in my suitcase and that big feeling that one has inside when embarking on a great adventure, I bade good-bye to a somewhat perplexed but trusting family.

As the train passed into the night, my thoughts kept turning back; back into a period of time in which I myself had never lived. Instead of the 1950's, it was now the 1870's; instead of Wisconsin, it was Ohio. This was where my grandfather, John Melvin Beal, was born and lived as a boy. All I knew of his younger years and his parentage was what he had told me on several occasions. But somehow in the next few days, in courthouses, cemeteries, or in any other place, I would find the records of my people.

Four o'clock the following morning we arrived in Toledo. Because of the early hour, I rested awhile and made plans for the day. Nearby was a telephone book. I had the strong inclination to look through the "B's," if by chance, there might be a family by the name of Beal. Yes, there was and by the given name of Percy, the same as my grandfather's cousin! But

he must be dead after all of these years. I decided to telephone him anyway. My faith was justified. It was he! Needless to say he was thoroughly surprised, for he had had no word from Grandfather since the early 1900's. The next few seconds brought another surprise. Percy mentioned, "Addie," my grandfather's sister; for forty years Grandfather searched for her. If only he had lived two months longer—but he died the 28th of February never knowing that his only sister was still living and in the neighboring state of Illinois. He had lost contact with her at the time he left Ohio as a young man and moved to the vicinity of Mason City, Iowa.

Throughout the morning and afternoon I looked through the records of Lucas County finding additional information. That evening I took the bus out to Maumee, a suburb of Toledo, to the place in which Percy and his wife lived. Hour after hour we talked of family history. Old photographs were given to me and old memories relived. Not only did the names that I already had in my book become real personalities but also little by little history seemed to unlock the secrets that she had held, and my family began to enlarge. Where I had come knowing only the first name of my great-grandfather, I could now add the name of his mother, Sophia Bayer Beal and that of his father, Frank. Percy told me, too, of Grandfather's cousins and some of the history of the surrounding area.



John Lewis Swarn, together with 1,500 other Northern soldiers, perished on the ill-fated "Sultana."

In order to know and understand these people better, I will write down some of what Percy related to me and also include information that has been secured through subsequent correspondence.

The Beal family originated in England; the birthplace is unknown. As far as Percy remembers, my great-great-grandfather, together with two brothers, came to America and settled in the state of New York. There the two brothers are supposed to have become wealthy after minerals were discovered on their farm. One brother later moved to Los Angeles, California, and built a mansion. Little is known of Frank Beal other than his being an expert shoe cobbler. It was said that he could measure your hand and make boots to fit your feet. His birthdate, taken from the Beal family Bible, was June 11, 1812.

Sophia Bayer Beal, Frank's wife, was born in London, August 26, 1812. All that is known of her parentage is that her father was a casket maker and had his own coaches and horses. About her mother, there is a tradition that she was descended from royalty, but lost her rights when she ran away with the coachman. This has yet to be proved. She came to America, with her parents at the age of thirteen. She told of playing on London Bridge as a child. The place of her marriage was Waterville, Oneida County, New York. Ten children were born but only three survived infancy—Frances, Frank, and John Alexander (my great-grandfather). Like the Beals, they were tall and

of slender build. In contrast, Sophia was a very tiny person, so small, in fact, that she had to sit on the edge of the chair to reach the floor. She was always very spry, even in old age. A one-hundred and one year old man, whom we visited, remembers her walking past his house on her way from Toledo, a distance of twenty-five miles. She died in May 1900 at the home of her son, Frank.

One afternoon, Percy took me to the small community of Providence where Sophia and her husband lived. There are now only a few homes left but in the 1840's, it boasted five hotels. In the years of 1850 and 1852, however, the population was nearly annihilated by a cholera epidemic. Huge trenches were dug by the survivors in which they laid the victims.

Great-grandfather, John Alexander Beal, married Mary Syvilla Swarn, 1 April, 1875. She was born in Tontogany, a once thriving oil community. During their marriage they operated a farm near the two hamlets of Waterville and Whitehouse. The land was sandy, making farming difficult. This area is commonly called the "openings," probably because of the absence of trees in various places; through these so-called "openings" the settlers passed with their teams. Great-grandfather died a few months before Grandfather was born, having been sick for a period of time. Great-grandmother, then only nineteen years of age, was left a widow with two-and-one-half-year-old Addie and an unborn (Continued on page 185)



the Nile

[illegible]

After a week's travel on the serene Albert Nile, running a gauntlet of unpredictable hippo and enjoying the deceptively lovely park-like countryside, we arrived at Nimule and the Sudan, one of the most heterogeneous countries of the world; a hodgepodge of races, cultures, languages, and religions. Its area is nearly 1,000,000 square miles, one-third as large as the United States, yet with a population of only 9,000,000, about that of Ohio. As we so often found to be the case, Nimule, though prominently labeled on our maps, was not even a real village, but consisted merely of an out-sized deserted customs shed and a few scattered native huts beyond.

From Nimule to Juba, a stretch of 125 miles, the Nile surges swiftly along over a solid granite bottom, a shallow, rapids-ridden torrent through one of the most prolific big game regions in Africa. Rather than risk our thin-skinned kayaks in the interminable boiling rapids, we decided to cover this expanse on foot, trekking along the banks.

A few miles north of Nimule we visited King Zelindo, ruler of the Madi tribe, a tall, handsome African dressed in a neat khaki uniform, with the bearing and dignity of a European monarch. At our request he provided three strapping youths to assist us in transporting our supplies on the long hike. Jean LaPorte, stricken suddenly with a high fever and too weak to travel on foot, reluctantly continued to the river outpost of Juba with our disassembled kayaks and the bulk of our equipment in the lorry of a government official, James Dodson, who was returning to his home after a trip to Kampala.

André and I spent a memorable week tramping along the wooded banks of the *Bahr el Jebel* (Arabic for “mountain river”) as the Nile is called in the southern Sudan. Armed solely with our little .22 rifle and with our three near-naked porters following at our heels, loads of equipment neatly balanced on their heads, we threaded our way over well-worn game trails along the river, sometimes having to plough our own path through ten-foot high elephant grass.

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edge of medical drugs and herbs, which they have built up through centuries of trial and error. Every village is familiar with and uses herbs possessing diuretic, analgesic, and antipyretic properties.

Our visit to a village always precipitated a few minutes of pandemonium until the startled people overcame their alarm. White men traveling on foot in Africa are a rare sight, and natives never failed to manifest great excitement at our appearance. We burst in upon one dozing Bari community during their siesta hour. In response to our vivacious salutations those napping on mats in the shade of their mushroom-shaped huts awoke with a flinch, took one look at the grizzled and sunburnt Bwanas standing before them and hastily retreated into their huts. Children playing nearby fled in tearful terror or immediately sought the protection of their mothers. Even the goats, dogs, chickens, and lizards added to the general commotion, scampering around and filling the air with their babble. Once the novelty of our visit had worn off, however, their natural sense of friendship and hospitality asserted itself, and we were accepted wholeheartedly. We reaped immense dividends in satisfaction and friendship by treating the people of the Nile basin with respect and equality. Our associations with them proved to be the high light and the greatest compensation of our whole expedition.

We saw large herds of impala, water buck, and antelope as we hiked along each day. Our porters were somewhat perplexed at my refusal to shoot some of the luscious game we were constantly flushing, and I couldn't seem to make them understand that my gun was too light for such hunting. But one morning I made them joyously happy and provided us all with a real feast when I shot a big wart hog. After that the boys had such confidence in the rifle and my shooting prowess that they were calm and unconcerned even when a herd of elephants browsed close to our camp one night, knocking over trees and making a terrible racket.

The last night of our march we set up camp at the broad, sandy mouth of the Kaia River, one of the Nile's few tributaries in the Sudan. As I walked across the soft, white sand, I read a faunal inventory of the richly diversified wild life inhabiting the region. There were fresh tracks of all the big game animals of Africa—elephant, rhino, buffalo, and lion. Also I recognized prints of different species of antelope, probably Grant's gazelle, reedbuck, and impala, as well as those made by crocodiles, hyena, mongoose, hyrax, and baboon. The queerest tracks of all were the huge dinosaur-like tracks of the hippo.

We stumbled into the town of Juba on the eighth

day looking like jungle refugees, feverish with malaria, our eyes bloodshot and ringed in dark circles, lips cracked, beards scraggly and tangled, and our bare legs like raw hamburger from the lacerations of thorns and saw grass. For eight miserable days the siege of malaria held us captive, flat on our backs, at the home of our British host, Mr. Dodson. Finally the attacks passed leaving us weak and listless, but free to get underway again.

After a month of "landlubbing" we reconstructed André's kayak with new parts air mailed to us from Paris, then the three of us struck off downriver. With a fair current and several hippo charges expediting our progress, the 120 miles (Continued on page 178)

We reaped immense dividends in satisfaction and friendship by treating the people of the Nile basin with respect.





First of Two Parts

The Bravest Man

by Deone R. Sutherland

Maud closed her eyes, but the tears did not come. She was beyond tears. The last few months of nightmare had caused her to shed more tears than she had ever thought herself capable, and now she had stopped crying into her blanket in the covered wagon at night after Ralph and Amy were asleep. She lay there alone with her terror, waiting for the cry of the Indians that would spell the end of all of them. She had been a good wife to Ralph for almost fifteen years. As a merchant he had built up a respectable business in St. Louis. Then had come this insane scheme to get rich. Merchants talked of the wealth there was in bringing goods into the city of the Mormons and trading there. And there was the wealth of California beyond that.

Maud buried her face in her hands. If she could pretend she wasn't here. If only nothing had changed. With her eyes closed she could see again her mother's two-story frame house on Winslow Street, and there was Ralph's and her house just around the corner. The oak tree on the lawn was big enough for their Amy to sit in, and they'd eaten supper out under its arms on many a hot summer evening. Then they'd sit on the old quilt and see who could spy the first firefly. The little pulsating lights began flickering in the shrubbery usually first, but later in the dark night the whole lawn would be atwinkle.

She could remember the smell of damp, of blossoms, of corn bread cooking. She felt her rough hand beneath her cheek. At home she had soaked her hands in buttermilk if she felt like it. Now, she'd have given almost anything for just one cool sip.

She had encouraged Ralph. She had supported him in his ideas and schemes. She had pleaded and begged for him to allow her and Amy to go along. She hadn't cared if they might be the only women with the small group of merchants. Where Ralph went, she was going in spite of what her folks advised.

At first the trip had been pleasant. The green meadows and trees and creeks, the birds singing wildly about them, the little towns with the children gawking had made it seem like an adventure. But then they had left the occasional little town and isolated farm behind. The heat had become oppressive. The dust became a part of all that was tasted, and the wagon! The wagon jerked and bumped and ground and pulled and stopped. Her every muscle, every bone ached and became sore with the endless journey. Their lives centered completely about supplies of food and kegs of water. It was degrading to hoard and measure and count out constantly; it was degrading to cast suspicious eyes upon the other company members to check on how much and what was being eaten. Amy had become almost wraith-like and yet she had quit complaining. She was young, a growing girl. Her health would break under this. Maud's heart ached, and in spite of herself she groaned aloud.

"What is it, Maud?" Ralph's hand was against her back.

"Nothing," she murmured. Ralph needed every moment of his sleep. She must try to sleep. Was there such a thing as being too tired to sleep? Perhaps she had reached that point.

If they had only been able to stay in Salt Lake City as they had planned. It was not home, but it had seemed like heaven in the wilderness. She certainly hadn't thought that she would be so happy to see such a place. How she had rested that first night in spite of the strangeness because she had thought they were through with traveling for a little. She could look upon these women with kindness and sympathy. But there had been no opportunity to extend such sympathy. If she had not been so tired, she would have realized something was amiss. Ralph had kept it from her so that she might rest easily at least briefly.



She heard the news only too soon. The following day was spent in preparing to leave Salt Lake City with other merchants who had been doing business in the city as well as the small group with which they had just arrived. Rumors of trouble between the Mormons and the United States Army hung like a dark cloud over the valley. Maud and Amy helped pack the wagon with what new supplies were available. As swiftly as a dream vanishes upon awakening, did Ralph's dream of profits vanish. "I won't

lose everything," he promised Maud worriedly. "There are those in California who will want such things as we carry, if we can get through."

"Indians?" Though Maud phrased the word as a question, she had heard the stories of trouble.

"The Mormon's President, Brigham Young himself, is giving us a letter directing a man of great influence with the Indians to see us safely through the worst part on our way to California. We can return to the Eastern States by the Isthmus of Panama if we desire. We will be all right." Ralph drew Maud's head against his shoulder, and she closed her eyes that he might not see their despair and terror.

Amy sat in the back of the wagon watching the distant outline of the town disappear. It was too heartbreaking to Maud to look back. This new disappointment was almost too much to bear. But the other merchants were right.

"It's pitiful that this should be happening to the Mormons even out here," Ralph sighed.

That was like Ralph, Maud thought, to be thinking of others when their own plight was so in question. The Mormon women had been making preparations to leave their homes again. In spite of the darkness she felt about their own destiny, she did feel pity for those women in the wilderness. But the few that she had observed in her short stay had not seemed terror-stricken, rather they had seemed full of purpose. I suppose when people have been driven beyond all human endurance, they must get their strength from somewhere outside themselves. But she had been praying almost steadily this whole trip.

Maud pulled her bonnet forward. The sun was burning hot even though autumn was upon them. She tied a large handkerchief about her mouth. They had seen Indians riding along the horizon, and once they had circled the camp. The merchants sent word to the man who had such influence with the Indians to come and see them through the rest of the way. They dared not try to get through alone. Ralph as-

sured Maud that he would come. Did they not have a letter from the man's Church president? He would obey.

The messenger returned with the reply that they were to come on. The man was making preparations at his home in Santa Clara and would meet the company on the California road.

"We won't go on," Maud whispered to Ralph. "Wait for him here."

"We must do what he says and what the company decides to do," Ralph replied.

The next morning the company with loud shouts and cries started their animals and wagons on their journey again. How Maud hated this country. The brush and yellowed grasses grew thick along the creek, but so much of the hillsides and rolling lands were covered only by ugly scrubby trees or brush. The sky was endless, and the sunsets burned the sky in great sweeps of color. How could they be beautiful when they seemed so forbidding and full of strangeness and terror? They began seeing Indians again in the distance, and still there was no sign of the Indian Scout who was to guide them safely through. But the Indians had begun following them in the distance, and the company felt they could not turn back. Against the sky Maud heard the cries of meadow larks and lark sparrows chanting and trilling as if all the world were as gay as they. Suddenly each object of the earth and sky began to seem dear and sweet to Maud, the curve of a hill, the prickles of a wayside weed, the sun hot against the dust-caked canvas of the front of the wagon. Amy laid her cheek against her mother's back, and Maud slipped her arm through Ralph's.

At night Maud dreamed that she was a little girl playing on the front porch of her mother's house. Her mother rocked in her old brown rocker, back and forth, back and forth. "You must come in," her mother told her; "it's going to rain." Just then her mother dropped her knitting, and it seemed to Maud that she had been knitting all along, but Maud hadn't noticed. "I'll get the yarn," Maud called to her mother. The ball of yarn rolled down off the porch and about the yard. Faster and faster Maud ran, trying to pick up the unraveling, endless ball of yarn. The clouds were black and low, and there was a terrible clap of thunder. Maud opened her eyes and clung to Ralph. The dawn was just beginning to outline the wagons. The men were coming off watch and preparations began for another day's travel.

Maud saw the Indians riding toward them with the graceful ease and flow that only riding Indians and their ponies have. They were no longer following them now on distant ridges. They rode about the wagons peering insolently into the faces of the white

travelers. Because the Indians blocked their way, the wagons lurched to a halt. "Why don't we fire on them?" Maud whispered to Ralph. "Let's die fighting them—"

"Hush," Ralph said, "it would be a matter of minutes before they could get our few guns. We wouldn't die fighting—"

Maud knew how they would die.

"We have presents!" the men shouted at the Indians. "You let us pass. We give you many presents—"

The Indians milled about. Maud could understand why they did not accept the presents. Why accept presents when by merely killing the company, they could have the spoils of all?

Maud closed her eyes in prayer. A flow of movement among the milling Indians and the excited merchants caused her to open her eyes. The Indians and the whites watched the distant approach of the two white men. One white man had his feet bound in cloths, for he was without shoes. Maud learned later that he had been saved from torture by Indians by the man the company long had been waiting for, the man called Jacob Hamblin.¹

Could this man save them? Maud saw the bearded man speak briefly with the merchants. Again she heard the question, "Can you save the ship?" Her own hands twisted her dress as she waited, guarding Amy who had come to the front of the wagon when she had heard help was coming. Ralph had joined the other men.

"We have plenty of presents for the Indians," the merchants explained. Maud watched Jacob Hamblin listening quietly to the excited, frightened comments of the merchants. Then he left his people to talk with the Indians. Maud saw him again listening and then talking calmly with the savages, the same intent, pleasant look upon his face as when he talked with the merchants. The way this Jacob Hamblin listened to their talk those savages might have been white men, Maud thought indignantly.

As the afternoon had almost disappeared in the impasse in which the merchants had found themselves, there was nothing to do but camp for the night. Some of the Indians had ridden

away, but a few still remained around the company. "What shall we do with our animals?" Ralph asked Hamblin. None of the men dared risk them out of sight with the Indians ready to drive them away or murder anyone guarding them in the night. Yet they had to have food and water.

"I know where there is good grass for the animals. I am sending two Indians to take care of your animals. For pay the two Indians are to have their suppers, and when they bring the animals in the morning, you may give them a shirt each." Hamblin spoke clearly.

Maud wrung her hands. Surely the men would not agree to such a thing. It was madness to expect those animals to be returned ever on this earth. They would be left to die in this forsaken country. A murmur of incredulity rose among the men. "By thunder, we'll never agree to any fool plan like that," one of the men shouted angrily.

"Such a thing is out of the question," Ralph said bitterly. They had placed so much hope in the skill of this man with the Indians. Perhaps he intended dividing the spoils with the Indians.

"We can trust him, but he is mistaken about the feasibility of his plans. He is well-meaning, but he is dead wrong if he thinks we'll hand ourselves over to the Indians without a struggle."

Jacob Hamblin stood aside from the group and waited quietly. Maud noted the heavy brows, the wide forehead, the rather long face with high cheek bones. There was an arresting strength and steadiness about the looks of this man. Perhaps it was the steadiness of the eyes. The assurance, the purpose, the peace of the man that attracted Maud.

The murmuring of the men died down and again they turned to Hamblin. His voice came quietly, "If I am to direct matters, (Continued on page 176)

FOUR TREES

by Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Three I planted and one just grew.
A pale winged seed when a strong wind blew
Rode the wind's shoulder and fell off here.
On a greening leaf Spring dropped a tear
And Summer spilled moments of sunshine gold
That found the roots deep in the mould.
Three I purchased, but one came free,
A distant maple's gift to me.
I loved them all, and they flourished well,
But my heart took root where the winged seed fell.

¹Three Mormon Classics, comp. Nibley, Preston. Stevens and Wallis, Incorporated, Salt Lake City, 1944. Jacob Hamblin, James A. Little, p. 237.

IMPERTURBABILITY

by Sterling W. Sill

Assistant to the Council of the Twelve

William James, the great Harvard psychologist, once said that "The essence of genius is to know what to overlook." That is also the essence of leadership. It is the essence of a successful life. No active leader lives a vigorous, constructive life without the possibility of a little jostling and a little of being jostled. As even the most careful man works his way through the world, there is always the possibility of giving or of taking offense.

One of our most serious leadership problems is our common tendency to pick up and retain more of the irritations, hurts, and grievances of life than we should. This trait immediately puts its possessor at a severe disadvantage as "there is no great art without serenity." The Apostle Paul described the ideal leadership personality as one "not easily provoked."

How many qualities can you think of that would give you more of a head start toward success than to be able always to maintain a well-balanced personal control even in the midst of the greatest difficulties? There is a nice big word which expresses this ability better than any other I know of. It is *imperturbability*.

The dictionary says that to be imperturbable is to be "incapable of being agitated." It means to remain calm and controlled, especially in an emergency or under the pressure of serious disturbances or disappointments. A great doctor once said, "No quality takes an equal rank with imperturbability."

Some people are subject to hurtful, untimely, and uncontrollable eruptions of temperament; they have unwarranted explosions of feelings. It is so easy to lose one's hold on success if little annoyances and irritations are allowed to get under one's skin and cause him to become agitated, upset, argumentative, curt, or vindictive. There are some people who in a very real sense wear their feelings on their sleeves. They are continually being hurt and soon develop a jumpy, erratic, moody personality, the particular

reactions from which range all of the way up and down the scale from annoying irritability to burning rage and vindictiveness.

The opinion has sometimes been expressed that it may be a good thing to "let off steam" once in a while or to "blow one's top" occasionally, but one doesn't usually "blow his top" many times before he starts blowing his blood vessels and his nervous system and the success of the organization for which he is responsible. The ancient law still applies that "whom the gods destroy they first make mad."

Certainly one of the most damaging personality defects is to become a touchy, peevish, finicky, easily offended person. Then the ordinary "give and take" of life becomes an insurmountable hurdle. People must live happily together, even though there are differences of opinion, dislikes, or even opposition. We must learn to deal with these situations without being thrown too far off our course. We need a certain quality of robustness of spirit to enable us to deal fairly and imperturbably with irritations. It is pretty difficult to be thin skinned and great souled at the same time. With a little imperturbability, irritations can often be prevented from arising in the first place.

But just think how many unpleasant situations do arise because some people are unable to handle



a normal and necessary amount of opposition or criticism. Some other people need to be continually thanked and praised at every turn if they are to remain active. It is so easy for a touchy person to develop an oppressive feeling of inferiority or even a persecution complex. Some people subconsciously get a sort of sadistic satisfaction out of disagreeable human relations imagining themselves to be martyrs to some cause.

A very small grievance can throw a giant shadow across our imagination. It is so easy to get a warped viewpoint by imagining things that aren't so. Little slights may be enlarged until we are incapable of seeing situations in their true light.

Recently a member of a great profession talked before a gathering of some of its members. He expressed the attitude that their profession was not properly appreciated or supported by the public. A

certain public official had been unjustly critical, and the members of the group not only let it get under their skins, but they took it into their blood vessels and nervous system as well. In any serious scuffle, it is a pretty good idea to fight the antagonist at arm's length, but these people apparently let him get inside of their defenses where he was able to break down their morale and rob them of their professional confidence. Their speaker talked of "wounded pride" and "offended dignity." He felt that "bad motives" had been imputed to them. He impressed his hearers with his opinion that they had been "humiliated," "belittled," and he said that some had been "mortally offended." As a consequence there was a general epidemic of "low morale" within the group itself merely because they did not know how to handle their irritations.

Sometimes even an entire nation may let some unhealthy feeling of fear and inferiority sweep over it with a devastating effect. Any group or individual expecting success must keep strong of heart. If we have a great calling, at least we ourselves must believe in it. We must not let antagonists get their sand inside of our delicately adjusted engine.

Someone once claimed that he had been "insulted" by the remark of a thoughtless person. A friend said to him, "Whoever heard of an eagle being insulted by a sparrow?" But what would you think

of an eagle that continually allowed his morale to be broken down by the chirping of a few uninformed or critical sparrows? Think how the early Christians handled their opposition. They didn't lie down or get discouraged or quit at the first whisper of disagree-



ment. They did not let even the most severe persecution get under their skins. Rather, their problems united them and made them strong. Like the wounded oyster that mends his shell with a pearl, the early Christians had learned to capitalize on their irritations.

We should not try to achieve our goals by closing our ears to criticism, neither should we let it throw us for too great a loss. If the criticism is right, we should profit by the correction; if it is wrong, why let it destroy the most important possession we have—our morale, and in addition cause us unpleasantness and failure?

A boy doing what he thinks to be right may be called a "sissy." Think how important it is that this boy knows how to handle the situation. But our need for imperturbability is not limited to youth, and it is not only needed for the conflict between right with wrong. We need it for the ordinary day-to-day situations that cause us to be unnecessarily upset. Sometimes we actually lose control and go to pieces. We jam our gears in such a way as to make our proper functioning impossible. It is said that you can usually judge the caliber of a man by the size of the thing that gets his goat.

We live in a society of rugged individualism. Sometimes things may even get a little bit on the rough and tumble side, and we should not be so tender or touchy that our ability to do good is placed in jeopardy. Jack Dempsey once said that every prize fighter needed two abilities: First, the ability to *give* a big punch and second, the ability to *take* a big punch. The first ability would be of little value to a prize fighter if he was not well supplied with the second. Life is like that. There are a lot of people who fail simply

because they just "can't take it." Every little unpleasantness puts them out for the count.

Nature helps the turtle handle his problems by giving him a protecting shell. That is a good idea. If a hard-working elephant tried to make his way through life with only the delicate skin of a baby, he would probably develop a good many sore spots before he was through. In building a modern battleship the company gives it a protecting armor of steel to shield its vital spots from damage; otherwise, it would be of little usefulness. But everyone who works with people should also cover his vital spots. A little imperturbability will make it unnecessary to spend valuable time licking our wounds or suffering intense torture when we have a few poisoned arrows of criticism sticking out of our backs.

There are a great many dangers in being too touchy. When some people have been hurt a few times, they tend to withdraw from activity. They quit going to Church, etc. Others give up their convictions and become weak-kneed and spineless. Others go to the other extreme and become hard, calloused and vindictive. Any of these alternatives quickly incapacitates a leader and makes him unfit for service.

General Robert E. Lee was once asked his opinion of the ability of a fellow officer by President Jefferson Davis. General Lee gave him a whole-hearted recommendation. Another officer took General Lee aside and said, "Don't you know that that man has said some very bitter things about you?" General Lee said, "Yes, I know that, but I thought the President asked for my opinion of him, not his opinion of me."

Abraham Lincoln was a good example of imperturbability. He said, "If I (Continued on page 191)

NORTHERN BRIDE

by Alma Robison Higbee

She always talked about the wild plum tree
That leaned against the friendly pasture bars
Back home, but she never seemed to see
Cedar and balsam lifting to the stars.
She brought her young and eager songs to fill
Each day with music, for her heart was glad,
But when green springtime cameoed the hill
Her songs were muted and her heart was sad.
Strong as his northern, timbered hills, he tried
To understand and so he sent away
To get a plum tree; the day it came she cried
And her heart's fulness left no word to say.
Both girl and tree had known soft southern skies,
But wild plum drift can ease a heart's turmoil,
And this bright thing soon came to symbolize
Alien love transplanted in sterner soil.



The Bookrack

EXCEPT THEY BE AGREED, *Mark E. Petersen Bookcraft, Salt Lake City. 1959. 45 pages. \$1.00.*

Now available in book form, this conference address by Elder Mark E. Petersen of the Council of the Twelve meets a definite need among young people. Concerning marriage within one's own faith, Elder Petersen has included letters in the book that indicate the urgency of this subject. He has also cited letters from leading religious leaders indicating their concurrence on the wisdom of marriage between parties of the same faith. Judges, educators, editors—all have added their considered opinions to the fact that success in marriage has a greater chance when people marry those of the same religion.

For Latter-day Saints it is unthinkable, as Elder Petersen states, that young people should not follow the admonition of their leaders in marrying Latter-day Saints.—M. C. J.

RELIGION AND THE PURSUIT OF TRUTH, *Lowell L. Bennion*

Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City. 1959. 180 pages. \$2.75.

In the foreword to his book Dr. Bennion states, "in western civilization, as every student of history knows, we have inherited two traditions: the faith and morality of the Hebrews and early Christians, and the life of reason initiated by Greek philosophers. . . . This brief volume is an outgrowth of a desire and an effort to help students accept both traditions as being valid and of infinite worth." Then clearly and forthrightly the author settles to his work of showing that truth is the objective of both education and religion. The author discusses Ways of Knowing Truth, Fields of Knowledge, The Province of Science, The Province of Philosophy, The Province of Art, The Province of Everyday Life, the Province of Religion, and Faith.

Religion and the Pursuit of Truth is a most provocative and stimulating book—and a must for those who seek truth.—M. C. J.

ARIZONA PIONEER MORMON—DAVID KING UDALL, *Pearl Udall Nelson*

Arizona Silhouettes, Tucson, Arizona. 1959. 304 pages. \$10.00.

With a foreword by Delbert L. Stapley of the Council of the Twelve, the tale moves rapidly to relate the life of David King Udall, a man of vigor in body and spirit. Although the prefatory material may seem a bit long to the casual reader, there is some justification that it is essential to the writing of a definitive biography as evidenced in the careful acceptance and designation of authority for the writing.

David Udall's life began in St. Louis, Missouri, on September 7, 1851; he traveled with his family to Salt Lake City and from there to Nephi, where the pattern of his life was set in wholesome fun, work, and in devotion to the Church. The book is full of poignant experiences from his missionary and his home life, and his temporal and his Church activities.

Poignant also is the story of his wives as recorded by him: "Ella and Ida were always industrious and more than willing to do all they could to lighten my financial load. At Hunt, Ida cooked for our family and for passengers, during the course of years taking in hundreds of dollars from the latter. Ella boarded schoolteachers and students for many years in St. Johns. My womenfolk saved us many dollars by looking after the express and passenger business incident to our mail contracts."

With justifiable pride, Elder Udall records: "All of our eleven children were married in the Salt Lake Temple."

This biography provides the backbone for the story of the Arizona frontier—and for which future writers will be grateful when they come to write the great Mormon novel.—M. C. J.

RELIGIOUS TRUTHS DEFINED, *Joseph Fielding Smith, Jr. Bookcraft, Salt Lake City. 411 pages. \$3.95.*

The subtitle gives the thesis of this book: "A comparison of religious faiths with the restored gospel." In thirty-six chapters the author has analyzed Latter-day Saint tenets as compared and contrasted with various other religious concepts. A tremendous amount of work has gone into this volume, which provides thoughtful reading and provokes a further analysis for better understanding of Church doctrines.

The author has shown careful consideration in his choice of beliefs basic to an understanding of our gospel. Many such pertinent topics as Free Agency, the Fall of Adam, Evidences of the Apostasy, The Restoration of the Gospel, Faith, Repentance, Baptism, Baptism for the Dead, Gift of the Holy Ghost, and others are discussed fully.

This is a good book for investigators as well as members of the Church to read and digest.—M. C. J.

A CHILD'S STORY OF THE PROPHET BRIGHAM YOUNG, *Deta Petersen Neeley and Nathan Glen Neeley Deseret News Press, Salt Lake City. 1959. 171 pages. \$2.00.*

Joy will abound in the hearts of parents of young children when they learn that there is this book by the gifted writers, Deta Petersen Neeley and Nathan Glen Neeley about Brigham Young, the second President of the Church and intrepid pioneer.

In their usual lucid style, the authors have carefully chosen words readily understood by young people of the fourth grade reading level and above; but they have done more than that, they have organized sentences that, chosen from these words, are dramatic and captivating.

The Church is fortunate to have such careful workmen as the Neeleys who, in a dedicated manner, bear their testimony to the truthfulness of the gospel and share their great discovery of truth with countless young people of the Church—and their parents.—M. C. J. (Concluded on page 189)

What is an Ideal * Father?



* Little boys have their own special

by W. Cleon Skousen

Chief of Police
Salt Lake City

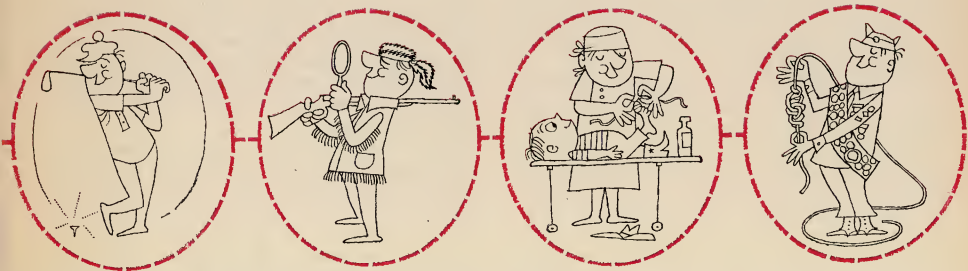
Ideal fathers come in a great variety of sizes, shapes, models, and makes. Therefore, from a distance, it may be difficult to spot one. Naturally, he cannot be identified by nationality, education, profession, church, lodge, political party, or social set. Neither can he be labeled a successful father even though he may appear to be a very successful man. A man may be a great scientist, a financial genius, a popular movie star, a world famous musician, even an authority on child psychology, and still be a failure as a father.

In the final analysis, an ideal father is the one who develops the attributes of being a great "next generation builder." It means he is not egocentric and selfish but has cultivated a willingness to invest money, energy, training, and time in those who are next in line to inherit the earth.

What It's Like to Be a Father

Becoming a domesticated, well-adjusted father is no accident. In fact, it takes many years to raise a good father. And his wife and children do most of the raising.

It all begins when a young husband makes that first fearful pilgrimage down the long, antiseptically pure hallway of the hospital to the window marked "Nursery." Inside he can see several rows of pink and blue bassinets full of babies. Even through the glass the nurse can tell he's a new father (new fathers are easy to pick out), so she gives him special attention because the hospital has never lost a father yet.



slant on fathers . . . he can ride a horse, play par golf, shoot a gun, bandage cuts, tie Scout knots.

She hunches her shoulders as though to say, "Which one?" and he hunches right back, "How should I know!" She points to a card on the nearest bassinet and he can lip-read her question, "What's your name?" He blurts it out through the glass and startles himself with the noise of his own voice echoing down the silent hallway. The nurse turns away to search around and finally wheels over a very special bassinet bearing the family name. She uncovers the little wonder package and sure enough, it's a baby—a real live baby. The nurse gently lifts up each of the tiny hands and then each of the feet.

As the young man looks through the glass he can't help scrutinizing each fragile feature—the eyes, nose, lips, chin, fingers, and toes. Truly, it is a miracle. Suddenly, out of the cosmic void there comes a booming message. It strikes him in the forehead like a ten-pound sledge hammer. It says, "Boy, you are a father!"

Of course, he knew it all along; at least, he knew it in an abstract, intellectual sort of way. But looking through the window makes a difference. He quietly says to himself, "Gosh, this is for real."

Thus the mantle of fatherhood settles on the young in heart. In the days, months, and years that follow, this business of being a father becomes more real with every passing hour. As seasons come and go, the family grows. Instead of one baby there are two, maybe three, four, or even more. With each one a new chapter of "How to Become a Better Father" begins. Each child is different, and the father finds himself

taking his home-study course on the basis of "learning by doing." However, he finds that the role of being a father actually suits his secret fancy rather well. It isn't as tough as he thought it would be. He learns that the biggest job of solving family problems is simply "getting at it." Once he has settled down to "working things out" he usually finds each riddle easier to solve than he had suspected. Consequently, when someone asks him how he became a successful father, he replies rather quizzically, "Oh, I really don't know—exactly; just working at it, I guess."

How a Father Looks to a Little Boy

Little boys have their own special slant on fathers. To most little boys a father seems like a combination of a big bear, a dray horse, and superman. The big bear is only evident on special occasions when Junior finds he has fouled up royally with the head of the house. But once he has come under the shadow of the big bear's paw he makes a strong mental note: "Dad is a great guy, but don't rile him." He knows that sometimes sweet talk will melt Mom, but not so much with Dad. "Once Dad's mad, wow!"

This mental note is good for a growing boy. It makes him feel his dad cares enough about him to want him to mind. As long as a dad is reasonable, a boy likes it that way.

The dray horse facet of a little boy's father is evident every morning when Dad gets up from the table and says, "Time to go to work!" A little boy feels that the drudgery of Dad always going to work is a

nuisance. He and his dad could have so much fun—if he would just stay home.

This desire to have Dad as a playmate comes from the feeling that this big fellow who presides over the family is just about the most tremendous, colossal thing that ever happened. He's a superman. He can ride a horse, shoot a gun, play a par game of golf, tie Scout knots, fix a tire, bandage cuts, clip hair, and, when necessary, pull teeth. In addition to that, he has money in fabulous quantities; at least, he has more than little boys have.

It is no wonder that a boy with that kind of a dad might assume that his father could also whip any other father in the block; maybe in the whole world.

Unfortunately, this heroic dream soon fades. As time takes its toll, Junior gradually learns the truth. He finds his father is a wonderful, lovable person, but his game of golf is lousy. He also gets buck fever every time he sees a deer and might just as well sell his rifle. He can ride a horse but jiggles in the middle if the horse goes faster than a walk. There is some proof that he did get a few merit badges in scouting, but now he ties granny knots in everything but his shoelaces. He can fix a tire but takes out service insurance so he won't have to. As for being a fighter, he is the most nonprovocative, peace-loving man in town. And he isn't so rich, either. As witness the recent request to raid his own little boy's piggy bank.

If the little boy only knew it, his father is happy and relieved to be debunked. It gave him the jitters to be put on a wobbly pedestal where his hero worshiping son had perched him. Now the two of them can start out fresh, building a real father and son relationship on a man to man basis.

Getting a Good "Father Image"

It takes several years for a boy to really know his dad. In his early years he has many happy associations, but his closest ties are with his mom. Somehow his dad ratter puzzles him, seems always on the go, sort of preoccupied, has a worried, weary look when he comes home sometimes. He remembers the quiet warning of his mother, "Don't bother your father tonight; he's tired."

After several years a boy gradually gets the idea that life is not such a jolly bowl of cherries for Dad. He becomes aware that the house, the car, the food, the clothes, taxes for schools, money for vacation—somebody has to go out and earn enough to pay for all of those things. He becomes conscious of debts and bills and wishes he could strike uranium in the back yard to help out. All of this is good for a boy.

He learns something else about his dad—the patience and plugging that it takes to raise and run a family. He sees the "big bear" image once in awhile, but most

of the time he notices that Dad gets what he needs with patience, hard work, and cheerful persistence.

And when Mom warns the family that Dad is pretty worried about something, he notices how well Dad can usually hide it and frequently joke and play as though everything were all right. In fact he likes to see his father cut loose with some guffaws of laughter once in awhile. He also likes to feel the physical impact of wrestling with him or being tossed around. Dad calls it "getting roughed up." Junior feels better after one of these tussles. There is a strong masculine sense of adventure with the matching of muscles, daring to be thrown high in the air, or being whirled about at a dizzy pace.

Sometimes there are bumps or minor accidents, and Junior learns that among us men there's a lot of give and take and "men don't bawl." He also learns to provide his share of roughness with cub bear tactics that really don't hurt. He learns that Dad is a boy at heart with a wonderful sense of humor, and when circumstances permit it, he can really be fun. These are among the memories of a boy with his dad.

The Image of Authority

Another thing a boy should learn from his father is the image of judicious authority. From this he deduces that he lives in an orderly world and that the center of his boyhood world is presided over by his father. This does not mean he is a dictator, monarch, or blind authoritarian mogul. He learns that authority merely means that final decisions are usually left up to Dad. He notices that Mom is often asked for her ideas and suggestions and she gives them freely; but after all the discussion is over she defers to Dad's decision and supports it once the decision has been made.

In many homes there is a confused image of authority because a father does not carry his normal division of labor which is to preside and take the initiative in family leadership. It therefore becomes necessary for the mother to assert her leadership, and it can be very confusing to a boy who is trying to get a picture of the father's role in the family. When such a boy marries, he may distort his own family pattern by playing the role of Casper Milktoast and lean pathetically on his wife the way his father used to depend upon his mother.

The Image of Discipline

Juvenile judges have not only been saying, "Let's put father back as head of the family," but they have also recommended a much more sound and consistent pattern of discipline for children. Some parents have been led to believe that any form of discipline is primitive and archaic, that it inhibits a child's out-

going personality. As a result their children frequently fail to develop normal personalities but become social monstrosities.

Discipline simply means a reasonable set of standards or rules, administered with discernment and judgment, and consistently enforced where necessary. The form of the discipline depends upon the child and the circumstances. Obviously, discipline should never be harsh or brutal, and a parent with a temper should wait until he has cooled off before handling his boy's problem.

The Image of Masculine Adventure

Women can often be quietly courageous beyond the point achieved by most men. Nevertheless, a boy usually learns physical courage and the spirit of adventure from his father.

There is a certain spirit of reckless abandonment which a boy loves to see in his father and which he tries to emulate. Actually, as a boy eventually learns, his dad only *appears* to be reckless, and his courage is calculated, not blind. Still it's that great spirit of masculine adventure which sets a little boy's eyes to shining and his heart to thumping. Even in big cities, Dads should work it out so their boys get some father-and-son adventures—at the beach, in the mountains, along some trout stream, or just camping somewhere. In later life it is this same kind of spirit which makes a man a great jet pilot, a good civil engineer, or a fine corporation president. Experts have observed how many leaders in business, industry, and government come from farms or small towns. Many of them feel that the boy tends to develop a stronger spirit of adventure and achievement in a rural setting. The same thing can and does happen in the city, but a boy's father has to cultivate it. And that takes time.

The kind of time a father spends with a boy is important. What he needs is "quality time" rather than quantity. To answer a boy's questions when he asks them, to give him undivided attention when he's trying to explain something, to help him with his problems at the moment they arise, these are what a boy rates as "quality time" with his dad.

Image of a Leader

It doesn't take a boy very long to identify the qualities of a leader, especially in his dad. Leadership means "pointing the way." It makes a boy feel confident and secure if he has a father who knows the way and isn't afraid to help others find

it. Leadership therefore means taking the time to study things out and gaining the foresight to anticipate trouble. It means having the answers in a crisis. And this is important to a boy who constitutes a crash bag full of crises. Of course, a good leader has to be teachable himself. He pushes his curiosity on any problem to its bedrock foundation so that he can gain some opinion concerning it. A good leader therefore develops opinions on many subjects but tries to avoid being opinionated about any of them. If there is a chance to learn, he becomes a good listener. Still, he takes a firm position on facts and is not easily persuaded otherwise unless somebody comes up with more facts or sounder conclusions. It makes a boy proud of his father when he is big enough to say he was wrong or change his view on something.

A boy also likes to see the quality of initiative in his father's leadership. When a group is fussing over a problem, a boy often gains the impression they are all equally confused and just milling around waiting for some guidance. He takes great pride in the fact that quite often it is his father who seems to come up with a helpful answer and is not afraid to express it.

The Image of Exemplary Manhood

A boy tends to see in his father the man which he, himself, will someday be. Whatever his father is, whether good or bad, the boy often seeks to emulate him. A cussing father therefore usually raises a cussing son. A drinking father is likely to have a drinking son. A lying father is practically certain to raise a lying son. The boy who sees his father steal will justify himself in similar conduct almost immediately.

Naturally, such behavior may arouse the anger of a boy's father. He, therefore, orders his son to "do as I say, not as I do." With (Continued on page 191)

MARCH WIND

by Nell Evans Atwell

Blustering Boreas!
Released and reluctant wind,
Glaciered, and untamed ruffian
And rager of the spring!
Corners know your plundering,
Your brittle whistling beneath the eaves.

Oh, scheduled vagrant
That prowls with a howling breath
that bends the treetops low
and sweeps the fields of promise—
Boreas, forego your rowdy presence
at spring's new birth!

KAILUA WARD CHAPEL on the island of Oahu, Hawaii. Note how naturally and beautifully the diagonal redwood siding blends with the native field stone. Redwood heartwood's exceptional natural resistance to termite attack is another reason redwood is so often used in humid climates where damage by decay and termites can be a serious problem.



Architect: Peter Kump, AIA



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Architect: Ward Thomas, AIA



REDWOOD'S LUSTROUS, NATURAL BEAUTY gives small commercial buildings, such as this doctor's office, a friendly, casual atmosphere that is far more attractive than the usual "institutional" look of most office buildings.

Architect: John G. Grace, AIA



REDWOOD'S NATURAL AFFINITY for trees and planting make it most suitable for siding, decks and walls as it helps to relate the house to its setting. Certified Kiln Dried redwood is available in a wide variety of color tones and interesting grain patterns.

young people .

THESE
THREE

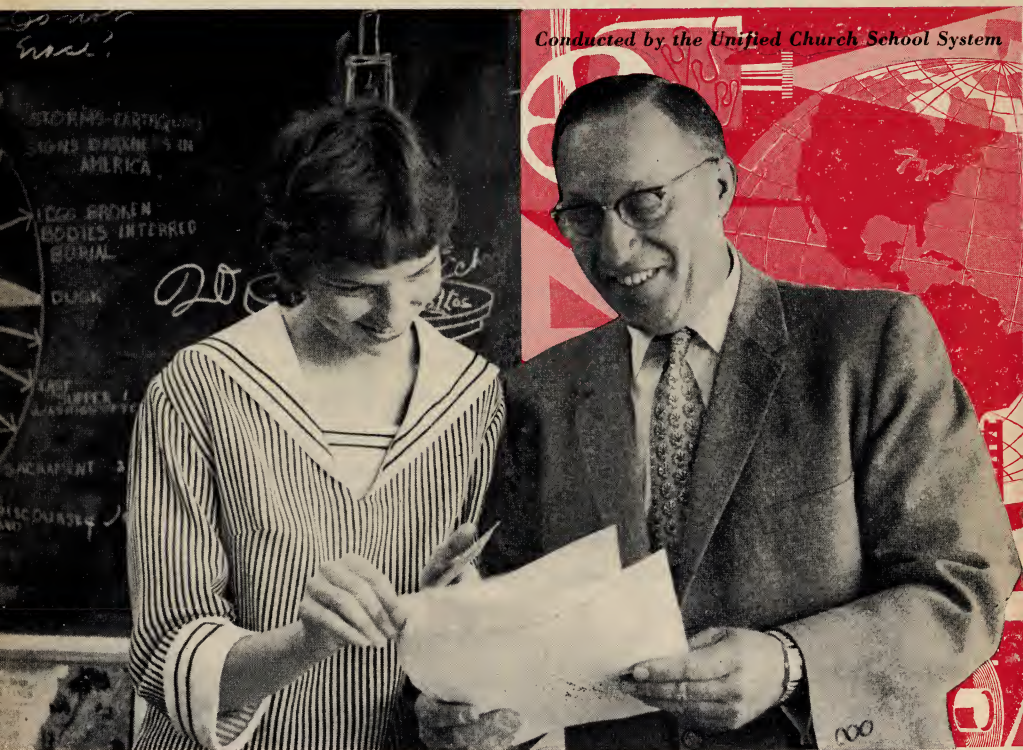


have been chosen to serve and consult on the new ten-page section for teens which begins in the July Improvement Era. President Marion D. Hanks, center, member of the First Council of the Seventy and great friend and champion of teens is your Youth Section Editor. Elaine Cannon, popular columnist, is Associate Editor of the Youth Section. Dr. Vaughn Hall, member of the YMMIA general board and a member of the White House conference on education will serve as Consulting Editor.

This trio is working closely with groups of young people to find out what they like to read and what type of layouts they think are most appealing.

Every effort is being made to make these pages fresh, exciting, readable, and helpful. Tell your friends about this new feature so all the young people of the Church will look forward to their own section beginning in July.





YE SHALL TEACH ONE ANOTHER

by Russell N. Stansfield
Assistant Professor of Business Education
and Office Management,
Brigham Young University

Professor Einstein was once asked this question: "Is there any hope for the world—what with atomic bombs, jet planes, and the whole world able to destroy itself?" His answer was, "Yes, produce better people!"

In producing better people, every present-day society expects that every healthy person should do some sort of useful work. Some of us have chosen to teach and have made this work our life's profession. However, if we are to produce better people, many thousands of men and women must be called as volunteer teachers to staff the huge army needed in the many auxiliaries of the Church.

From the Doctrine and Covenants comes this admonition: "And I give you a commandment that you shall teach one another. . . ."

"Teach ye diligently and my grace shall attend you. . . ." (D & C 88:77-78.)

Isn't it true that basically, much of the trouble in the world grows out of the fact that so many people do not care a rap for the other fellow? That being the case, how serious are we in our intentions to follow the advice and promise of the Lord that if we do teach diligently and faithfully his grace will attend us? Do we really consider the benefits it brings to us?

Besides letting us lead, a teaching position gives us opportunity for self-advancement, for it is often said that he who teaches gains more from his work than anyone else! Not only does he gain unlimited knowledge, but the position gives him the opportunity to develop new friendships, to interest himself in people and their worth-while causes and to do what he can, in his limited sphere, to help other people. It is an age-old principle that we get only as much out of life as we give freely to it. If we can live and work and think each day in the terms of the service we are rendering and the good we are doing, we can surely keep our hearts and spirits strong.

To some of those called by the Church to teach, knowledge represents power; but, what is knowledge of the mind without heart, high intelligence without good conduct, and extreme cleverness without goodness of character? The good teacher gives an impression to his students of his complete honesty and sincerity, for he is the kind of man who is the hope of society, as Professor Einstein intimates, because he becomes the motive power by which society thinks! As teachers serving in the Church!

1. We have an obligation to be intellectually honest with our students at all times while at the same time remaining calm, friendly, and in absolute control of our emotions.

Jane Andrews was young for a teacher. She readily admitted she was having a little trouble getting the class to settle down; but she felt that the boy who seemed to be giving most trouble was hungry for approval. She was working on the problem and felt that improvement was being made.

One Sunday morning, the Sunday School superintendent walked into her classroom just as this youngster was jumping from an inside window ledge. Without consulting the teacher, the superintendent grabbed the child, shook him hard, and literally threw him out of the room.

The young teacher was sick at heart, and to this day she has little respect for this man who, with so little provocation, treated a child of God in such a manner in God's house.

The wise teacher and supervisor will know that

there are ways to meet disturbance without causing havoc in the classroom.

Jack was extremely full of life. It was hard for him to settle down to listen or to work in the Primary class. After several experiences with his outbursts and loud expressions, the teacher approached Jack's parents. The following Wednesday, the mother, who incidentally worked in the Primary, slipped into class unnoticed by Jack. She saw at firsthand what the teacher had been going through. Jack was led from the class by his mother and taken into another room. She later confided that the hardest and most deserved licking Jack ever received was administered right there in the meetinghouse. She further stated that that was the last bit of trouble the teacher had with Jack.

Can we as teachers resolve to be a little more kind? How many of us lose control of our tempers? It is said that there may be an excuse to get angry—clear through—but there is never an excuse to lose one's temper. William Fleming French wrote this on the subject: "Some of us feel it is a virtue to lose our tempers—to flare up and give battle. . . . But there is no virtue in fury—no sense and profit in it. An unrestrained temper can never be an asset. It is always a liability—a weakness." His advice was, "So learn to sit tight, smile when you want to rave. And you will be surprised at the self-confidence you will gain, and the victories you will win."

Think of the thousands of students who have sat back and had to "take it and like it" because they were a little less courageous than the ones who dared to speak out against unjustness administered at the hands of misunderstanding, emotionally maladjusted persons thrust upon them as teachers or supervisors.

2. We have an obligation to our students, when we assign them responsibilities, to follow through to help them perform well.

John was turning thirteen. He had been a Scout for nearly a year and had enjoyed his work in the Church as a deacon. When he was asked to give a talk in Sacrament meeting, he came home and told his mother that he had accepted the assignment. His father had passed away just the year before, and the mother knew very little about preparing such a talk. Nevertheless, she helped him the best she could.

The night of the meeting came, and John, full of fear and apprehension, gave what was to him and his friends, a very incoherent speech—one poorly prepared, poorly delivered, and very poorly received. The child was hurt, humiliated, unhappy, and thoroughly frustrated. Had this boy's teachers, as well as his mother, been wiser, they might have sensed these symptoms, for it is a well-known fact that the tree

of frustration and despair bears a bitter fruit.

Because of John's sense of shame and failure, he stopped attending priesthood meeting, MIA, Sunday School, and Sacrament meetings in spite of the pleading of his mother.

John eventually moved to another state, married a girl of another faith and joined her church.

While all of this was happening, the mother kept accusing herself—wondering wherein she had failed. Night after night she cried herself to sleep. The only event she could think of that had turned John from the Church was that simple speech—poorly prepared, poorly delivered, and even more poorly received. Had the adviser who asked John to give the talk checked on him and helped him, the Church might never have lost this boy and his posterity.

3. We have an obligation to our students to be examples of whom they can be proud.

The Prophet Joseph Smith was a great teacher who was unexcelled in poise and stamina. Even under the most trying conditions he did not forget God's commandment to teach one another.

One Saturday night, while sitting up with a sick child he had adopted, a mob of fanatics dragged him from his chair, tore his clothes from his body; and, while some held him, one tore at him with sharp fingernails. After that, he was severely beaten and covered with tar and feathers.

The remainder of the night was spent in scraping the tar and feathers from his body and administering to the scratched and burning skin. The next morning was Sunday, and Joseph was scheduled to speak. Among the congregation, were some of the members of the mob who had tarred and feathered him. In great pain he preached to them and taught them the principles of the gospel and forgiveness. If angry, he never showed it; if bitter, no trace of malice could be discerned in his voice or manner.

Pupils will be attracted to such a teacher. Like Joseph Smith, can we as teachers resolve to exercise a little more poise and stamina?

4. We, as teachers, have an obligation to be extremely careful in what we say lest we turn just one soul

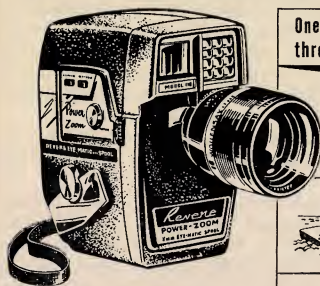
away from this Church and from learning.

All of the problems of the teacher are not with the children. Man differs in his mental capacity and emotional sensitivity just as he differs in physical size and complexion. In adult classes, each person brings a wealth of knowledge in experience and study. He thinks in his concepts of good, of evil, of right, and of wrong.

Bishop Clark knew that there were many members of his ward who smoked. Did he deliver a sermon on smoking? No, not at all. Every time he met a member who wasn't keeping the Word of Wisdom in this respect as well as he might have, the good bishop would say, "Come to church next Sunday, Jim. Put your pipe in your pocket when you get to the door; but, whatever you do, come to church." With enough urging of the right kind, Jim usually came. Eventually, and without so much as a sermon on the subject, Jim came to church more and more often, and soon the pipe was left at home—unused!

Can we as teachers, temper our criticisms to each individual while

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at the same time direct him toward a higher plane? The challenge is very real. Wouldn't we be better off, if the lessons concerning the Word of Wisdom were tempered a bit, knowing that we have several violators in our class? Is it better that we cover the lesson and the subject rather than penetrate the heart of the listener?

5. We, as teachers, have an obligation to our students to serve prayerfully and to prepare fully.

Teaching is a challenge! It is also an intensely human vocation. You are a human being working with God's children, who are also human, whose lives are constantly influenced for good or ill. Perhaps it can best be described by Professor Gilbert Highet of Columbia University when he wrote, "Teaching is not like inducing a chemical reaction; it is much more like painting a picture or making a piece of music. You must throw your heart into it; you must realize that it cannot all be done by formulas."

By and large, those who fulfil the obligation of teaching are not always masters in that field nor have they had preparation in training and methods and procedures. When Elder Lee was visiting a stake in the southern part of Utah, he was queried as to how best to teach "The Great Apostasy" when so many of the Saints were lacking in knowledge. He told the elders that when they came to material that they did not understand and there was no one to turn to for help or a good book, to get down on their knees and ask God for guidance and light; and, if they did this in sincerity, God would give them the answers to their problems.

The teacher who is interested in his assignment, who loves those who come to him for guidance, who is prepared as well as he can possibly be, and who spends time that someone else might benefit will be blessed of the Lord, for he is teaching, as Jesus did, the laws and commandments of God.

Yes, teaching is a great challenge—the greatest challenge that mankind has! President Heber J. Grant said in one of his talks, "... of those to whom much is given, much is expected. As we grow in knowledge and in the testimony of the Spirit of God, we must also grow and increase in labor and effort for the



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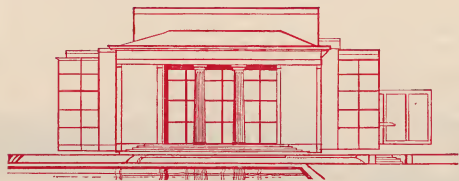
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advancement of the work of God or we will lose the Spirit of God. It is not a knowledge that God lives that will save us: it is keeping the commandments of God." The admonition contained in the Doctrine and Covenants sings out to all of those who serve in this noble profession: "And I give unto you a commandment that you shall teach one another. . . .

"Teach ye diligently and my grace shall attend you. . . ." (D & C 88:77-78.)

The Bravest Man

(Continued from page 159)

I'll do it in my own way."

There was to be no alternative then. Again the men consulted. "We will do as you direct." Maud stifled a moan, then turned and clung to Amy.

"Don't, Mama, the man is right. Can't you tell he knows far more about these things than our men? We should do what he says, Mama."

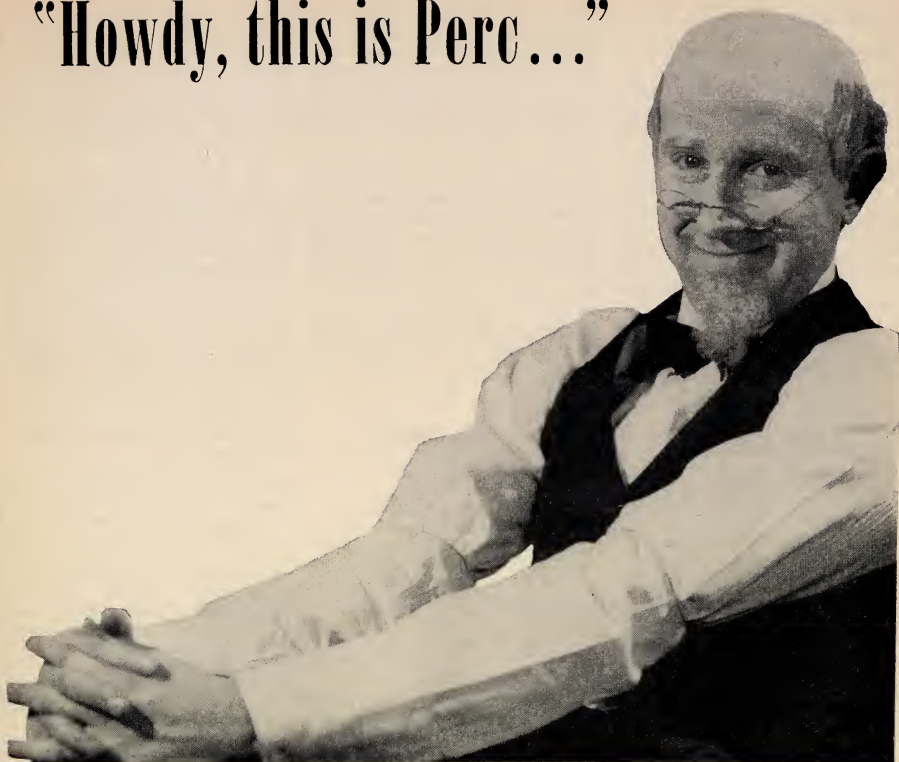
It seemed strange how quickly the heat of the day disappeared as night gripped the camp. Maud shivered in the wagon. Ralph lay awake beside Maud holding her hands and comforting her. "Perhaps things will go well for us yet, Maud."

In the morning Maud lowered herself from the wagon. Many of the men looked as if they had not slept. Their faces were haggard and their manner surly. There was no word for each other this gray dawn. Jacob Hamblin moved quietly about the camp, and the men watched him. "Do you have the shirts ready?" he asked quietly, and the company followed his eyes. The Indians were bringing the animals back to camp.

Maud crawled inside the wagon, and beside Amy she laughed and then cried and then laughed again. "It's as if a terrible weight has been lifted from my soul. Some of the awful fear has been taken from my heart at last. I have lived through this—perhaps we can bear what is to come."

(To be continued)

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call to exchange ideas. And Perc, airs both questions and answers, adding a few ideas of his own. The net result has been a new good-neighbor policy involving the whole Mountain West! The BIG K phone lines have never been busier. Why don't YOU join Perc soon for some of his "party-line" talk. It's great!

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Kayaks Down the Nile

(Continued from page 155)

between Juba and the small steamer-stop settlement of Bor were covered in just three days, the fastest travel time of the entire journey. The meandering river, clear and dull olive green, fluctuated continually in width, at times narrowing to no more than 150 feet yet ballooning at other places to over 1,000 feet. This being the dry and low water season we were forced several times to get out and drag our kayaks to deep water when we nosed into sand bars in the shallow water.

Jean and I had a close call at dusk of the second day when we were chased by four irritated hippo as we attempted to dash past their herd. They came plunging and bellowing after us in a determined effort that left no doubt as to their intentions. When we separated, Jean furiously paddling in one direction and I in another, the great river pigs were momentarily confused, not sure which one of us to concentrate on, giving us just enough time to elude them. Another narrow escape came the next day when a ten-foot crocodile nearly clobbered me as I was paddling along close to the west bank. Like a bolt from the blue the monster burst out of the thicket where he had been sunning himself, and came plummeting down from the high bank almost on top of me in what seemed like a fiendishly contrived ambush. Actually he was probably as startled as I and had no thought but to seek the safety of the river bottom. For a moment I thought he was going to land right on top of me but he smashed into the water with explosive force a scant two feet away in the narrow space between boat and bank, drenching me completely and almost upsetting the kayak as he squeezed underneath.

The only white man living at Bor was the District Commissioner, Major Cummings, whom we found seriously ill from amoebic dysentery. He read us a telegram from the governor of his province refusing us permission to travel by kayak through the perilous sudd country because of the danger of becoming lost in the intricate maze of channels filtering through the vast watery wilderness of swamp which covers an area of 25,000 square miles be-

tween Bor and Lake No. Two Roman centurions discovered these marshes nearly 2,000 years ago while on an exploratory mission for Nero. Sir Samuel Baker, during his expedition to the Sudan in 1869 was held up for weeks while as many as 1200 natives worked to clear a channel through. The Nile in this region has no defined banks but expands into lagoons and marshes choked with gigantic masses of unstable, floating islands of reeds, grass, and papyrus. The main waterway is continually shifting as it becomes clogged with these clumps of aquatic vegetation. So with no positive channel to follow and no dry ground to camp on it would have been a hopeless task

A CHILD PRAYS

by Kay Cammer

We see a miracle each day,
When he bows his head to pray.
Eyes closed—face quiet and content;
Small hands clasped; he's so intent—
Thanking God for many joys—
We thank him too, for little boys.

attempting it on our own. The Major told us that occasionally even steamers go astray, blundering into false channels with no exits. In 1936 one captain took his paddle-wheeler for 20 miles down one of these pseudo-passages to a dead-end. Retracing his route he found that the sudd had closed in, forming a solid, insurmountable green barrier. Before a rescue party could cut their way through, the captain and 22 passengers and crew members starved to death.

An ambitious scheme to exploit the papyrus for paper and fuel was inaugurated in 1912 by a group of British promoters, who envisioned a great fortune in the prolific sedge. Unfortunately the papyrus of the White Nile was of a different species from the plant of ancient Egypt, which was introduced from Abyssinia and Syria. Its fiber proved too coarse and porous, and finally after four years of effort with mediocre results, the project was abandoned.

We did the next best thing to

kayaking through the sudd, traveling on a shallow draft, wood-burning paddle-wheel steamer as far as Tonga with a keen-eyed Sudanese river pilot at the wheel, but only after losing eleven precious days waiting at Bor while it was extricated from a sand bar near Mongalla where it had gone aground.

Our extended visit enabled us to study the large group of tall, slender Dinka people living in and around Bor. Of the three great Nilotic tribes in the Negro-dominated southern Sudan—the Dinkas, Nuers, and the Shilluk—the long-headed Dinkas, divided into several independent villages numbering over 600,000 are the largest. Like the Nuers, who resemble them closely in physical characteristics, language, and customs but with only half their population, they are one of the tallest and most dark-complexioned of all races.

No pure racial strains have been preserved among the people of the Sudan. Racial interbreeding has been carried on for centuries so that the tribes of the south are not true Negroes but must be considered merely Negroid, with varying degrees of Hamitic, Caucasian, and Semitic blood flowing through their veins.

The Dinkas, called "the blackest men of Africa," are a proud, pastoral, cattle raising people, made seminomadic by the necessity of tending their herds through the changing seasons of flood and drought. As with the other Nilotes their economy and wealth are based on the number of head of cattle and goats they possess. We were surprised to find that the insidious canker of world inflation had penetrated even into their primitive commerce. The bride-price, for example, of a reasonably sound wife having soared to forty head of cattle—nearly double the pre-World War II cost. In other respects though the Dinkas live uninfluenced by white men, stubbornly resisting any attempts to convert them to modern ways.

At Lake No, where it now becomes known to Khartoum as the Bahr el Abiad or White Nile, the enfeebled river was revived by the Bahr el Ghazal, its largest left bank tributary. Our little steamer the *Rejaf*, flying the flags of Britain and Egypt at stern and prow, took three days to transport us through the immense marshlands to Tonga; twisting along narrow corridors of impenetrable



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papyri eighteen feet high, and continually bumping into the lush banks at every turn of the river. Our steamer captain told us of the British Jonglei Canal Project, a plan to cut an artificial 200-mile channel through the sudd along the Bahr el Zeraf, the right branch of the Nile, to prevent the river from being diffused by the spongy swamps which now absorb over half its volume.

We visited Nuer villages each day when we docked briefly at wood-stops to replenish our fuel supply and take on cargoes of dried hides. The Nuers, off-shoots of the Dinkas, have been aptly named the "Stork Men" of the Nile. We watched a group of long-legged dandies, each one over six feet tall, strut down to the landing, spear and clubs poised on their shoulders, stark naked ex-

cept for a layer of gray wood ash and a few strands of blue beads around their waists. As if at a given signal they stopped at the water's edge and in perfect unison lifted one leg and rested it in the crook of the other and stood, completely relaxed in this birdlike position, like some strange species of marsh fowl.

Four genial Scotch Catholic priests greeted us at Tonga, where they maintain a mission and elementary school for the Shilluk people; a handsome stock, intellectually superior to the other Nilotics, and the only tribe united under the rule of one king. We spent the night in the Fathers' thatched guest house then spent all the next day touring the nearby villages. During the late afternoon we photographed dancing
(Continued on page 184)

No wholesale rate on errors

Richard L. Evans



Last week we spoke of special days and seasons, and of the danger of delaying repentance or improvement, and closed with this comment (and conviction): "When we need repentance, we need it now." There is this further thought on a somewhat related subject: Sometimes, if we have made one mistake, we may think it won't matter much if we make one more. We may fall into the fallacy of supposing that the multiplying of mistakes is not, additionally, so serious. This is, of course, an untenable position to take. It is certainly no *less* wrong—and it may be much more—to make the second mistake than to make the first. The second false step is not more acceptable, not less serious, than the first false step. For the first, we may plead impetuousness, or innocence, or ignorance—simply not knowing. For the second, we can scarcely plead innocence or ignorance as convincingly as we could for the first. Stealing twice is surely not less serious than stealing once. A second act of immorality is certainly not less serious than the first. There is really no wholesale rate on sin or error or the making of mistakes—and the more deliberate, the more experienced, the more intentional, the more frequent the offense, the more serious it would surely seem. And it is a gross fallacy to feel that after one mistake, another doesn't matter very much. Again, there is the reminder that life is everlasting, and no matter how far in a wrong direction we might have moved, it is always urgently and earnestly important to get back to the right road. The right direction only will get us out of wrong ways. The wrong direction never did. And just because a man may be down deep is no reason why he should go down deeper. Wherever one is, or has arrived, let him resolve to make his next move toward the right way, and not succumb to the false philosophy that following a first mistake with a second, or several, doesn't matter very much. It simply isn't so.

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20	1,346.65	3,110.06	20	1,346.65
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100	6,733.30	15,550.31	100	6,733.30

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The Warning Signs and Symptoms

Richard L. Evans



Often we become so busy in life that we ignore the symptoms and the warning signs in many matters. Under the pressures of a complex living pattern, we sometimes become so intent on the next place we have to be, on the next thing we have to do, that we fail to follow impressions. Parents, for example, sometimes become so busy with other obligations and interests that they fail to see, or, if they see, fail fully to sense the first signs of changes in their children—changes of attitude, of affection, of interest and activity; changes in the company they keep. These may be for better, or may not be for better, but at least parents should pause and look and sense and see—should watch the warning signs—should watch the symptoms. Patiently and prayerfully, as they live for it, parents are entitled to a kind of wisdom, to a kind of guidance, to a discerning sense concerning their children. And by love, and by wise and patient counsel, parents can sometimes save their children from making mistakes, from hazards and heart-aches; can sometimes keep them from cluttering their lives, from marring their records, from turning down wrong roads—by watching early signs and symptoms, not too obviously, not too intrusively, but with an earnest, prayerful sense of the need for foresight, and for the power of prevention. Often people may have impressions in other ways also, of things they should or shouldn't do—a kind of still small voice seeming to talk inside—something we might call conscience, or something even beyond what might be called conscience. And in matters of principle, in matters of inherent right or wrong, seldom would it seem that anyone could honestly say that he was utterly and altogether unaware of any sense of warning, of any sense that he was doing or considering something he shouldn't do. Call them what we will, it seems that we could often have occasion to regret the ignoring of impressions that seem to want to save us from the making of mistakes. Intelligently, gratefully, earnestly, we should watch the warning signs; we should watch the symptoms, and pay more prayerful, purposeful attention to the power of prevention.*

"The Spoken Word," from Temple Square presented over KSL and the Columbia Broadcasting System, January 24, 1960. Copyright 1960.

*Revised.

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by Martha Sherwood Johnson

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Kayaks down the Nile

(Continued from page 180)

warriors dressed in brown shoulder cloths and leopard skins, and caked with red ocher and ash. The tribal insignia and marks of manhood peculiar to the Shilluk—a neat row of little knobs like shirt studs, spanned their foreheads; a scarification caused by filling small incisions with dung at the age of about ten years. Their coiffures were the most elaborate of any we saw in Africa, painstakingly formed over a period of years into a flamboyant swathe of hair suggestive of a matador's felt hat.

Taking to the water again in our kayaks, we paddled to the town of Malakal, past banks of oom suf reeds bordering a low, flat country covered with yellow grass and occasional clumps of acacia trees. Upon reaching the Sobat, a vital tributary which drains the country between Ethiopia and Uganda and supplies the Nile with an average of fifteen percent of the water it bears to Khartoum, the Nile returned to its northerly course after flowing eastward for eighty miles from Lake No.

We purchased a supply of food-stuffs at Malakal, the largest town we had seen since leaving Victoria Nyanza and the seat of government for the White Nile province, then with Governor Longe and several of his officers lining the bank, we gratefully accepted their bon voyage present of fruit and chocolate and pushed off on a wind-agitated river.

Forty miles downstream we halted for the night at Kodok, a small district headquarters once known as Fashoda, where in 1898, a French Army officer, Colonel Jean Baptiste Marchand, made France's first and only claim on the Upper Nile after a grueling three-year march through the Congo basin. After an occupation of less than two months, the news of Marchand's intrusion sent Lord Herbert Kitchener, fresh from his capture of Khartoum from the Mahdi's army, racing upstream with a well-armed force of Scottish and Sudanese troops. With this formidable escort backing him up, Kitchener raised the Union Jack beside the flag of France and informed the heart-broken Frenchman that his claim was invalid.

(To be continued)

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A Faith That Was Justified

(Continued from page 153)

child. Her neighbor, Mrs. Berridge, told her to summon help by blowing a cowhorn when she became "sick." Mary later married Albert Gibbs.

I was very fortunate on this trip to find out more about this Swarm family. The day before I left, an answer came in the mail from a woman to whom I had written a month before. She, too, is descended from a Swarm family. I had begun corresponding with her after the Veteran's Office in Bowling Green had given me her name. I had written them in reference to my great-great-grandfather, John Lewis Swarm, father of Mary Swarm Beal.

While at Percy's I took the bus to her home which was approximately thirty miles away. She was very gracious and helpful especially in bringing her mother to her home to talk with me. At the time we were not sure of our relationship, but through further research we have found that our families are directly related. She gave me a picture of

her husband's father, Jacob Franklin Swarm, a brother to my great-great-grandfather. She also gave the name of their parents, John and Mary Rarick Swarm, and said that this family had come from Pennsylvania, possibly near Pittsburgh.

John Lewis Swarm fought through the Civil War but met a tragic death after peace was declared. He, together with fifteen hundred other northern soldiers, perished on the ill-fated *Sultana*. They were looking forward to being united with their families and deeply thankful that they had survived the infested prisons of the South. But their joy was short-lived for on April 27, 1865, somewhere near Memphis, the *Sultana* mysteriously exploded. My great-great-grandmother, Levisa Montross Swarm, was left a widow with two children, Almyra and Mary. She later married Samuel Dennison by whom she had one son, Lewis.

After leaving Maumee and Toledo, I took the bus to Adrian, Michigan, to the place in which my grandfather's half-brother, Charles Gibbs, lived. It was late in the afternoon

when I arrived. Unfortunately, he had no telephone, and besides that, he lived outside of town; where, I did not know. What to do next? My first thought was the post office. When I asked for Charlie's address, the postmaster asked what business I had with him. After explaining my situation, he was very helpful. He invited me into his office and took out a huge postal map. After a few telephone calls, he was able to locate the exact location of Charlie's home. It was nine and a half miles out of town! A taxicab was the only way, regardless of the expense. The fare turned out to be \$3.80.

I was able to remain at Charlie's only one night. In those few hours, though, I obtained priceless information and several photographs, one of these being an old tintype of John Lewis Swarm just before he left for the Civil War.

On my way home, my thoughts turned back into the past, but how much more enriched they were than when I began this trip. Not only could I reflect but I could also now

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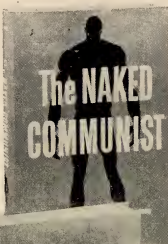
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project. The future was truly promising; I had so much for which to strive.

The following September, my sister and I visited Addie in Granite City, Illinois, a very heartwarming experience, indeed. How thankful I was for that one telephone call in Toledo, for through it, Addie was united with three half-brothers and a half-sister whom she hadn't seen in nearly forty years.

As I look back on the joy that was experienced in this one family, and the happiness that I found in being an instrument in the Lord's hands, I cannot help thinking of the inconceivable joy that there will be when the families of the whole earth are united, back to the first generation. And then think of the agony if but one of us fails to do his part in welding each link of this giant family chain. We must ever be diligent in our duties for surely this is the work of the Lord.

The New Look in Department of Education

(Continued from page 151)

enthusiasm on the part of ward and stake officials, parents, and especially the students themselves. Where there was an enrollment of 32,076 in the Church seminaries in 1952-53, there will be over 58,000 in 1959-60. In like manner the enrollment at the institutes of religion will have increased from 4,202 to an estimated 8,300 before the end of the current year.

The vitality of the Unified Church School System is also evident in the difference in the number having been graduated from seminaries and institutes in 1958-59 as compared to 1952-53. Here the charts indicate that the number of graduates of last year amounted to 9,772 in the seminaries and 836 in the institutes of religion—an increase of 53 percent and 99 percent respectively.

2. SCHOLARSHIP AND ACADEMIC ACHIEVEMENT OF TEACHING PERSONNEL

In the words of Elder William E. Berrett contained in a report to Dr. Wilkinson, "The growth of the seminaries and institutes during the period reflects only part of the story. . . . The unification of the church school system has given a scholastic shot in the arm to our teachers." Though numbers comprising the teaching personnel have greatly increased (see chart III) so has the percentage of those obtaining and working on higher degrees been greatly augmented. Where 6 percent of the seminary teaching staff were working on higher degrees and 17.8 percent of the institute personnel were likewise engaged in 1952-53, today the percentage has increased to 70 percent and 48.7 percent respectively. All teachers will have started in pursuit of higher degrees during the summer of 1960. (See chart IV.) Elder Berrett points out



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six factors as being most pertinent in lifting the level of scholarship of the employees of the department of education. They are as follows:

(1) The possibility of advancement within the school system.

(2) Uniform policies of employment benefits for teachers, seminarians, institutes, and colleges.

(3) The calling of seminary and institute teachers to special summer school sessions at B.Y.U. every other year. (From 1940 to 1954 no such conventions were held.)

(4) The introduction of a merit system connected with salary increases.

(5) The utilization of Brigham Young University in giving special training to candidates for positions in the seminaries and institutes of religion.

(6) Intensive supervision of

OF SPRING

by Caroline Eyring Miner

Expectancy

Expectancy grows like a malady,
And I am ill with longing for the
spring.

Have I grown mad or do I really see
The willows by the fence-row yellow-
ing?

Was that a robin pecking at a seed
Or just a fancy?—I cannot be sure—
So long I've waited—fear and need
To have her near and home again
allure

Me into fancied dreams. Be still, my
heart!

She said that she'd return when
spring came on,
And now the snow has passed, and
the sunny part

Of the lawn is green, and the wind is
gone.

I've been expecting her so long I
cannot wait.

It's thoughtless of the spring to be so
late.



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NO. 4: STATUS OF PREPARATION OF FULL TIME SEMINARY AND INSTITUTE TEACHERS

1952-53 Compared to 1959-60

PERCENTAGE HOLDING DIFFERENT DEGREES

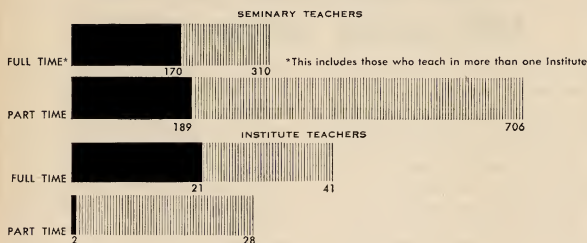
	NO DEGREE	BACHELORS	MASTERS	DOCTORS
1952-53 SEMINARIES	2.4%	89.4%	8.2%	---
INSTITUTES	---	---	82.6%	17.4%

PERCENTAGE PURSUING HIGHER DEGREES

	1959-60			
1959-60 SEMINARIES	1%	71.3%	27.7%	---
INSTITUTES	---	7.3%	73.2%	19.5%

100% Of The Teachers Who Have Been With The Church Department of Education More Than One Year Have Started On Higher Degrees, And All Present Employees Will Have Started On Higher Degrees During The Summer of 1960.

NO. 5: SEMINARY AND INSTITUTE TEACHERS IN 1952-53 AND IN 1959-60



teachers by district co-ordinators under the direction of two general supervisors.

3. NEW SPIRIT OF LOYALTY TO THE CHURCH—BETTER RELATIONSHIP AND CO-OPERATION WITH WARD AND STAKE AUTHORITIES

The following is also quoted from Brother Berrett's report to Dr. Wilkinson:

"A new spirit of loyalty to the Church and to the education program of the Church has developed under the Unified Church School System that is noticeable throughout the system. It is especially evident in the devotion of teachers to their jobs and a rather universal ambition to make the teaching of religion a life's work."

This has further resulted in greater efforts to advance the program of religious instruction to a high spir-

itual plane and to effect relationships with stake authorities and with ward bishops and ward education committees that are highly compatible and, thus, resultantly beneficial to the seminary and institute programs. Concerning this, Elder Berrett's report continues:

"During the past six years harmonious working relations have been developed between the seminaries and institutes of religion and the stake boards of education. Whereas stake boards of education before that period had little to do with the seminaries of the Church except to raise funds, and nothing whatever to do with the institutes of religion, now the stake boards meet regularly each month with both seminary principals and institute directors with an agenda that covers all phases of the work. An enthusiasm for the work on the part of the stake authorities has followed, and this stake

leadership is in part responsible for the rapid stride seminaries and institutes have made. Annual district conventions, attended by seminary and institute personnel and stake boards of education, presided over by a member of the Church board of education and conducted by the administrators of the board have resulted in an excellent spirit of co-operation and understanding."

4. INCREASE IN NONMEMBER ATTENDANCE—BAPTISMS

The divine commission of the Church is to save souls. The seminaries and institutes of religion share in the great responsibility of this charge. They are dedicated to imparting the saving and exalting message of the gospel of Jesus Christ to Church members. Not only is this true, but they have also had a tremendous effect upon the lives of nonmember students whose parents have given them permission to attend seminary classes or who, in the case of university and college students, have themselves elected to enrol for courses at the institutes of religion. Through the years, there has been a continuous increase in the attendance of nonmembers at these Church institutions and a like increase in the number of subsequent baptisms. In 1952-53 there were 510 nonmembers enrolled in the seminaries and 252 enrolled in the institutes with 73 and 31 resultant baptisms, respectively. The figures for 1958-59 were 870 and 318 nonmembers enrolled in the classes of the two programs, with 437 and 119 baptisms. This is an increase for the period of 499 percent and 284 percent respectively. It is obvious that the department of education is also one of the missionary arms of the Church.

Great dividends accrue to the young men and young women who partake of the inspired Church program of religious education. Said President Henry D. Moyle in his conference address of April 5, 1958:

"Measured by any conceivable standard, graduates of our seminaries and institutes are better qualified to meet all of life's problems than those who have absented themselves from these opportunities."

"Better take an extra year of high school than miss such an essential basic preparation for our life's work."

On the Bookrack

(Continued from page 163)

THE SET OF THE SAIL, *Emma Marr Petersen*
Bookcraft, Salt Lake City, 1959. 139 pages.
\$2.25.

Through the vicissitudes of the Roberts family and many who befriend them—and some who try to destroy them—the author has woven a story that indicates the value of choosing good friends and eliminating bad companions.

Through it all the law is upheld, as it should be, as standing for right and trying to build strong young people.—M. C. J.

YEARS IN THE SHEAF, *William A. Moody*
Granite Publishing Company, Salt Lake City, 1959. 219 pages, \$3.50.

With a wide background—Utah, Arizona, Samoa—Elder Moody tells of his "years in the sheaf," his autobiography which should be a stimulus to faith and works in this latter day. Many of the customs of the native peoples of Samoa are included in the book and make most interesting reading.

The author's entire life has been lived with one end in view, the advancement of the Church throughout the world. In this book the author has planted the seed for the great Mormon novel—if it can be written as it should be written. It can be from such people as this that the advancement of the Mormon missionary system and the Church at home have developed in building lives of truth and honesty among the members and investigators of the Church.

—M. C. J.

FOR A PURPOSE

by Ruth Randall

Black November trees, veining
Gray November sky. . .
Fallow fields that stretch beneath
The widgeons' whistling cry.

Wind and snow of March that hold
To winter, while we raise
Imploring eyes to heaven asking
Now, for greening days.

These in-between-times we *must*
know,
The somber tones that edge and
vein;

Our days are meant to be a foil
For all our cherished bright domain.

If all our days were brightly hued . . .
How could He teach us gratitude?

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What Is an Ideal Father?

(Continued from page 167)

most boys this is like setting the torch to ten tons of TNT. In the father's presence the boy may pretend to comply but when he is by himself he glories in the riotous example of being "just like Dad."

It is a low order of civilization when adults force a code of citizenship on their children which they will not practise themselves. It creates burning resentment in the hearts and minds of the youth of that generation. They feel imposed upon and are easily agitated to strike out against adult society. In fact, one authority has written, "The hour of revolution comes at the moment when the youth of a particular generation find the hypocrisy of their elders totally intolerable."

Image of Spirituality

A boy has a hungry spirit. He is anxious to hear about God and the meaning of life. He wants to feel a part of the vast universe of which he seems to be the very center. He likes to have it explained over and over again.

A good father will not send his boy to church; he will take him. Too many fathers are unwilling to give adult religion a place in their lives. They think of religion in terms of the simplified version which they received as a child. They remember it was helpful and want their children to have the same help, but they are unwilling to go back to church as adults and try to understand the profound and inspiring points of view of great spiritual instructors like Moses and Paul who never could be understood completely by children.

The father who makes religion an exciting and inspiring topic in the home and leads out in matters of prayer and devotion is likely to realize the fruits of it all through the years. They say that families who pray together, stay together, and a boy from this kind of a home usually remembers the strength he derived from it.

A few years ago it was considered smart psychology in some circles to deny children any religious training so their children could "choose for themselves after they grow up." This proved to be a tremendous blunder. As one expert recently commented,

"It was like making a child go naked until he grows up so he can choose his own preference in clothes. Likely as not he will prefer to go naked!"

What Boys Say about Their Dads

Recently a group of boys were asked to evaluate their fathers. Most of those boys were in their late teens and were first asked: "What character trait do you admire most in your fathers?" The following qualities were rated by the boys in this order:

- 1—Love
- 2—Example
- 3—Patience and even temper
- 4—Kindness
- 5—Organization ability
- 6—Courageousness

Next the boys were asked: "What character trait do you admire *least* in your father?"

- 1—Quick temper
- 2—Impatience
- 3—Lack of attention or interest in children
- 4—Tenseness
- 5—Worry

When asked what the boys considered the most important qualities in an ideal father, they nearly all agreed that there were three essentials: love, ability to discipline, and willingness to set an example. In

commenting on a father's love, the boys defined it as:

"Interest in his children and their children."

"Not too lenient, yet not too harsh."

"Willingness to spend time with his children."

"Firm, but not too strict."

"Understanding."

"Not a dictator, anxious to help a boy do things the right way instead of just bossing him around."

Commenting on ability to discipline, they said:

"Make a fellow stick to what is right."

"Constant control over children."

"He should speak softly but carry a big stick."

"He should be the disciplinarian and head of the family."

The general feeling about setting an example is summarized by one boy's comment: "He should be everything he expects his boys to be."

Conclusion

Nearly all fathers have aspirations to be "ideal" dads, but very few for long would admit achieving it. Ideal fatherhood is a perpetual struggle and most fathers find themselves capable of wearing a champion's crown only at brief intervals of time. This article is therefore dedicated to all the fathers who are trying.

Imperturbability

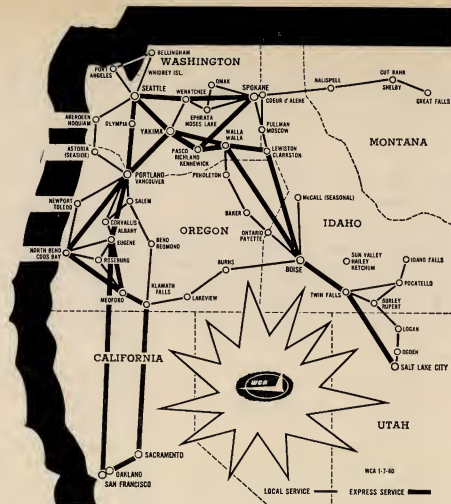
(Continued from page 162)

were to try to read, much less answer, all of the attacks made upon me, this shop might as well be closed for any other business. I do the best I know how, the very best I can, and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference."

Jesus went further than either Lincoln or Lee and gave the greatest of all formulas for imperturbability. He said, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you; and pray for them that spitefully use you, and

persecute you." (Matt. 5:44.) Jesus was asked how many times we should forgive, and he said, "Seventy times seven." (*Ibid.*, 18:22.) That is a lot of forgiveness. But just think how that kind of attitude would relieve our own tensions, increase our satisfactions, and improve the quality of our service. In imperturbability, as in many other things, Jesus himself was our best example. He made the supreme sacrifice at the very time he was suffering the most grievous wrongs. Even upon the cross he was able to say, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." (Luke 23:34.)

How different this quality shows itself in the life of the Master from that in the lives of some of us who tend to become embittered over every thoughtless trifle, or resign



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our responsibility and pull into our shell because of some microscopic injury. There are a great many people who have become inactive in the Church because they have felt they were not appreciated, or some real or imagined offense has caused them to throw their blessings overboard.

Sometimes we are more intent on winning arguments than in doing good. We sometimes develop a false sense of dignity that must be maintained at all costs. The old idea of "evil for evil" is also still buried pretty deep within us.

What a wonderful thing it would be if we would take the chips from our shoulders and quit worrying about balancing scores with people. Judgment is God's business, not ours. It is our business to do good. What difference does it make who gets the credit? It is still the soft answer that turns away wrath.

Twenty centuries ago the greatest man who ever lived said, "Let not your heart be troubled." (John 14:1.) Someone else said, "Do not be agitated." They are the same, and both were given in our interests. "People do not get stomach ulcers because of what they eat; they get stomach ulcers because of what is eating them." And that is also how they get high blood pressure, heart trouble, nervous breakdowns, and inferiority complexes. That is also about the quickest way to lose our blessings.

Imperturbability helps us to get our minds off the problems onto the solutions. What good does it do to nurse grudges? Or how does it profit us if we let the sins of others destroy our morale and the effectiveness of our work? We need to make ourselves as nearly as possible invulnerable to injury, and imperturbability is the answer. Imperturbability will increase our productiveness; it will increase our blessings; it will increase our peace of mind. There is no point in looking for peace of mind anywhere in the world unless we first find it in our own hearts. Godliness itself is partly made up of imperturbability.

"God grant us the serenity
To accept the things we cannot
change;
The courage to change the things
we can;
And the wisdom to know the difference."

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When to repent and improve...

Richard L. Evans



We are disposed to attach particular significance to certain times and seasons. We look to special days and anniversaries and events. We speak of special hours—the eleventh hour, the midnight hour. We look to the clock and the calendar, and thus mark off the measures by which we live our lives. Some hours and days and seasons have surely acquired special significance—and many things we seem to start or stop, or note, at some particular point—and these special times add their inducement to many things we do. All this is good—or may be—provided we don't let waiting for particular times lead us to delay repentance and improvement. Well would we decide at any time, for the better, to do differently. We could decide at any moment, for example, to settle some difference, or to do some service; to begin to diet, if we need to, or to start to pay a debt past due; to begin to break a bad habit; to do better, to learn better, to live better, and not leave such decisions to a special day, to a special hour, to a particular time far future. And if we pass a particular time for repenting or improving, or if we falter or fail after having made a good resolution, we shouldn't postpone repentance or improvement for another special day or hour, or for another such season. It is important *now* to be repenting, *now* to be improving, to be moving in the desired direction, not with needless dramatics, but with a simple quiet consistency. Life is everlasting, and the direction in which we move is exceedingly important, and the timing is also. And whether it's the New Year, or midnight, the eleventh hour or any other, there is no real reason for waiting for a special day, a special hour, or a special season to improve or to repent. When we need repentance, we need it now.

"The Spoken Word," from Temple Square presented over KSL and the Columbia Broadcasting System, January 3, 1960. Copyright 1960.

TWILIGHT SONG

by D. J. Roberts

Sing the old songs over
That exiled eyes may see
The country lanes and clover
Which colored my infancy,

The meadow lark and curlew
Lyric on field and marsh.
Not that this silent curfew
More than the sound is harsh,

Not that the motors wheeling
Over the thoroughfare
Are hurried gangsters stealing
The stillness which was there,

But just that a childhood cable
Anchors a lad to earth
By a tree, a song, a fable,
To the time and the place of his birth.

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How to Perform Priesthood Ordinances

One of the great blessings which comes to holders of the Melchizedek Priesthood is the privilege of representing the Lord in the performance of priesthood ordinances.

For instance: What a blessing it is in a family, if the father has the faith, power, and authority to administer to his wife and children when they become ill! Or: When children are prepared to be named, baptized, or confirmed members of the Church, what a wholesome spirit of family unity is created, if the father is worthy and able to perform these ordinances!

That Holy Priesthood which has been conferred upon men in this dispensation is, of course, the power and authority of God delegated to man on earth to act in all things for the salvation of men. Those who hold it have the right, when they act in harmony with the laws and requirements of the Church, to represent the Lord himself in the performance of holy ordinances. And they are obligated to perform their duty in righteousness—that is, to do it in the way the Lord has prescribed.

Since it is the express policy of the Church, in these sacred matters, that there be no written forms or detailed instructions as to the manner in which most priesthood ordinances shall be performed, it becomes a matter of great importance for priesthood holders to be taught the correct policies and procedures by their quorum officers, who in turn are instructed by stake presidencies and members of stake Melchizedek Priesthood committees.

There are few set forms in the Church. It is intended that the Holy Spirit shall direct priesthood bearers in their ministerial acts.

It follows that brethren must so live as to receive inspiration from the Spirit of God; they must cultivate the ability to tune themselves to the divine mind and will. When they do so, their prayers are simple, direct, appropriate, and effective in the sight of Deity.

There are no set forms for priesthood ordinances performed outside the temples except in the cases of baptism and administration of the Sacrament. But there are certain essentials which should attend the performance of all ordinances. As shown from the recitation in the *Melchizedek Priesthood Handbook*, these requisites are:

1. All ordinances are to be performed in the name of Jesus Christ.

2. All are to be done in the authority of the priesthood.

3. And then any appropriate language which describes what is involved should be used. For instance: In confirmation, it is essential that the Holy Ghost be bestowed; in ordaining to the office of priest, that fact must be specified.

As set forth in the *Handbook*, all holders of the Melchizedek Priesthood should be able and worthy to perform, in accordance with the established policy of the Church, the following ordinances:

1. Blessing and naming of children.
2. Confirmation and bestowal of the Holy Ghost.

3. Conferring the priesthood and ordaining to offices therein.

4. Consecration of oil.

5. Administering to the sick.

6. Dedication of graves.

Stake priesthood officers should take occasion in regular priesthood leadership meetings to teach quorum officers how these ordinances should be performed. Quorum leaders should then teach their members in the regular monthly quorum meetings.

Priesthood leaders, however, must not issue or use publications setting forth instructions about ordinances and giving forms of suggested prayers. Such are not approved; indeed, in practical effect, their usage violates the whole spirit governing the performance of these sacred ordinances.

In this connection, we reprint here the instructions prepared by President George Q. Cannon for the guidance and direction of priesthood bearers:

"A copy of 'Ready References,' belonging to one of the Elders who has been a missionary abroad, fell into our hands the other day, and curiosity was aroused by seeing, in the memoranda pages of the book, *written forms* [italics added] for ordination to the Aaronic Priesthood, or the ordination of Elders, the setting apart of home missionaries, the anointing of the sick, the confirmation of members, and the blessing of children. We were informed by one of the Apostles, who gave us this book, that he learned that these forms were in use among some of the missionaries, some of them being missionaries in the States and in foreign lands. The Elder who is the owner of this book was a missionary to the Polynesian Islands, and it was understood that these forms were in use to some extent in that mission.

"This information was a surprise to the First Presidency and to those of the Twelve Apostles who were present. We had not heard of it until it was brought to our attention in this way.

"It requires continual vigilance on the part of those the Lord has placed as authorities in His Church, to prevent the growth of fashions and forms that are contrary to the spirit of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. Incidents frequently occur in the experience of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints which illustrate the manner in which the primitive Church, established by the Savior, fell into the grievous errors that resulted in the withdrawal of the power of God from it. It requires constant watchfulness now to prevent aberrations from the right path, even with the full organization of the priesthood in the Church. But in the ancient Church, the Head of the Church—

the Savior himself—was slain; his apostles whom he had chosen to take charge of the ministry and to build up his Church in the earth, were also slain; and every man that had that authority was taken from the people. Little by little the organization strayed from the truth and from the correct manner of administering ordinances, etc., and darkness soon prevailed. In our own day the same results would follow if it were not for the authority of the apostleship exercising continued watchfulness over the Church. . . .

"Who is the author of these forms that were shown to us we do not know; but he must have been a bold man that would venture to write out forms for the use of elders or other officers of the Church in ordaining men to the various offices of the priesthood, or setting them apart, or confirming members of the Church, or in the blessing of children. The Lord himself has given us, by revelation, the manner in which we shall ask a blessing in administering the Sacrament, and the form of words that we shall use in baptizing. Moroni has, also, in the Book of Mormon, told us how Priests and Teachers were ordained among the Nephites. Beyond this the Lord has not gone. *The Holy Ghost has been given for the express purpose, among other things, of inspiring men to perform all the duties which belong to the priesthood; and it is but little less than sacrilege for any man, in and of himself, to frame a form of ordination for others to adopt.* [Italics added.] Where this has been done, it has doubtless been done with the best of intentions, but nevertheless, is it not an assumption of one of the functions which belong to one of the Godhead—the Holy Ghost? Where these forms are adopted, those who use them are in a position where, if the Holy Ghost should inspire them to say anything to a person whom they were ordaining or setting apart, or blessing, they could not do so without departing from this prepared form.

"It is this spirit that has prompted men to frame rituals such as exist in . . . other churches. The prayers are prepared for certain occasions, and everything connected with ordinances is arranged and printed, so that there shall be no error in the ceremony. This is the case where churches do not believe in the Holy Ghost being given to men in these days. *Does it not seem incredible that men would adopt the same plans in the Church of Christ—a Church which is led by revelation and inspired by the Holy Ghost?* [Italics added.] With such a departure as this from the way the Lord has pointed out, can it be wondered at that men left to themselves go astray and fall into pernicious errors?" (*Millennial Star*, vol. 60, pp. 270-271.)

THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC'S PAGE

Ward Teaching Supplement—SAFETY IS OF THE LORD

Man in this world is surrounded by a variety of things which possess both a tremendous potential of usefulness and a tremendous capacity for destruction.

Knives, guns, ladders, poisons, fire, water, and the like come to mind immediately. Others are less obvious but equally perilous.

On every side we see unnecessary accidents (and there is no such thing as a necessary accident) resulting from a deficiency of caution, patience, or wisdom. The “makings” of such accidents are ever-present.

Take icy streets, for instance—or dangerous bodies of water—or electric tools we don't quite understand—or fences that are pointed—or automobiles under almost any circumstances.

Even the home is full of dangers. Steep staircases, defective appliances, inadequately lighted storage areas, cellophane bags or scissors left where young children can reach them . . . the list here is long and depressing.

Not all dangers are inanimate. Attempts at unnecessary familiarity with snakes, spiders, and strange dogs have often backfired. Even well-known domestic animals occasionally reveal unsuspected traits.

Two menaces to our safety merit special mention: the practical joker and the untrained child. The former is his own problem; the latter his parents'. We have

a responsibility to teach our children to be safety conscious, to respect the persons and properties of others. More than one snowball thrown at a passing car has resulted in serious injury. Rock-throwing is also, for obvious reasons, not to be recommended.

Children are notoriously careless with their own safety as well as that of others. They should be taught that there are good and not-so-good ways to deal with bicycles, roofs, trees, knives, guns, and such things.

Also present are dangers which threaten not our mortal lives, but our eternal lives. These are even more insidious. Safety demands that we use caution and wisdom in dealing with spiritual as well as physical hazards.

The Lord commands us to love one another. It is not unreasonable to suppose that he expects us to take special precautions not prematurely to propel one of our brethren into eternity or leave him maimed, mangled, or misshapen for life. And he expects us to be as careful with ourselves as we are with others.

Laws have been enacted to help us in this respect. They are guides to conduct, not challenges to ingenuity. Wherever we are, whatever we are doing, whether we are being watched or not—we should obey them. And we should obey them as a religious obligation.

Take care. We are our brothers' keepers.

LAW OF TITHING LIVED BY ANCIENT ISRAEL

“The law of tithing is an eternal law. The Lord Almighty never had his Kingdom on the earth without [either] the law of tithing [or the law of consecration] being in the midst of his people. . . .” This statement, uttered by Brigham Young in an address in the early days of the restored Church, is verified by a host of scriptural and historical references which describe the practice of this divine law both in the Old World and the New.

The Old Testament in particular is rich in declarations shedding light upon the whys and wherefores of this practice. Tithing was part of the law of Moses, but (being eternal), predates that law. In Genesis, the very first book in the Bible, we find an account of a tithe transaction involving two of the greatest personalities ever to live upon this earth:

“And Melchisedek, king of Salem, brought forth bread and wine; and he break bread and blest it;

and he blest the wine, he being the priest of the most high God, . . .

"And he lifted up his voice, and he blessed Abram [Abraham], being the high priest, and the keeper of the storehouse of God;

"Him whom God had appointed to receive tithes for the poor.

"Wherefore, Abram paid unto him tithes of all that he had, of all the riches, which he possessed, which God had given him more than that which he had need." (Gen. 14:17, 37-39.

Inspired Version.)

Jacob, Abraham's grandson, witnessed a very impressive vision (known as the vision of Jacob's ladder) and immediately thereafter made a covenant with the Lord similar to the covenant which his grandfather had made. Part of the covenant concerned the payment of tithes. (Gen. 28, particularly verse 22.)

In the Mosaic law provision concerning tithes, this significant statement is found:

"And all the tithe of the land, whether of the seed of the land, or of the fruit of the tree, is the Lord's: it is holy unto the Lord." (Leviticus 27:30; see also verses 32-34; Numbers 18:21; Deuteronomy 14:28.)

From the time of Moses and Aaron to the restoration of the higher law with the Savior, the Lord's people lived the law of Moses, including the tithing provisions which had been incorporated into it. They were not consistent in their tithe-paying, any more than they were consistent in the other phases of their religious life. But when they did faithfully live this law, they were abundantly blessed. Witness this incident which occurred during the reign of Hezekiah, one of the few really righteous kings that ever reigned in Judah:

"And as soon as the commandment came abroad, the children of Israel brought in abundance the first-fruits of corn, wine, and oil, and honey, and of all the increase of the field; and the tithe of all things brought they in abundantly.

"And concerning the children of Israel and Judah,

that dwelt in the cities of Judah, they also brought in the tithe of oxen and sheep, and the tithe of holy things which were consecrated unto the Lord their God, and laid them by heaps.

"In the third month they began to lay the foundation of the heaps, and finished them in the seventh month.

"And when Hezekiah and the princes came and saw the heaps, they blessed the Lord, and his people Israel.

"Then Hezekiah questioned with the priests and the Levites concerning the heaps.

"And Azariah the chief priest of the house of Zadok answered him, and said, Since the people began to bring the offerings into the house of the Lord, we have had enough to eat, and have left plenty: for the Lord hath blessed his people; and that which is left is this great store." (2 Chronicles 31:5-10.)

The rest of the Old Testament, right up to the last book, is replete with scriptures corroborating this idea that paying tithes and receiving blessings are related. As a matter of fact, one of the most forceful and oft-

quoted passages confirming this truth is found in the very last book—Malachi. Malachi's writings are scant—he left but fifty-five verses—but they contain several inspired sections, one of the most excellent of which is the following:

"Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.

"Ye are cursed with a curse: for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation.

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." (Mal. 3:8-10.)

This promise is as valid today as it was when given. And our duty in relation to it is equally clear, for "all the tithe of the land . . . is the Lord's; it is holy unto the Lord."





We have been told constantly, down through the ages, that the Sabbath was to be a day of rest. But human nature, being what it is, has made it so easy conveniently to forget. Even today, after so recently being told by our General Authorities, to make Sunday different from the rest of the week, have we dropped back again into our careless ways? Are we refraining from shopping on the Sabbath, do we prepare our food with a singleness of heart, and do we rest and worship our Heavenly Father on his day?

It's good to gather our family and friends around the dinner table. In doing this has it been Mother who has broken the Sabbath by preparing a huge dinner? Has she spent all Sunday morning in this preparation? Perhaps neglecting Sunday School with the thought, but I'm bringing my family closer together. All this food preparation can even give mother a "sorry-for-herself complex." This is all so unnecessary. Reserve an hour or two Saturday to prepare the Sunday dinner. Even set the dinner table in readiness for the family gathering and greet the Sabbath with a wonderful serene feeling of preparedness.

Do your shopping on Friday, your cooking on Saturday, then rest and enjoy the following menus on Sunday.

Menu #1

Barbecued Spareribs	
Baked Potatoes	Buttered Asparagus
Two Bean Salad	
Cream Puff Sundae	

The spareribs and cream puffs can be prepared on Saturday. All that is left to do Sunday is to bake the potatoes, simmer the meat, cook the asparagus, and toss the green salad.

Barbecued Spareribs

Brown the ribs. Put in roaster and half cover with sauce and place in refrigerator until 1½ hours before serving. At this time put the lid on the roaster, heat to boiling on top of stove. Place in oven and let simmer 1½ hours while the potatoes are baking.

Sauce for Ribs

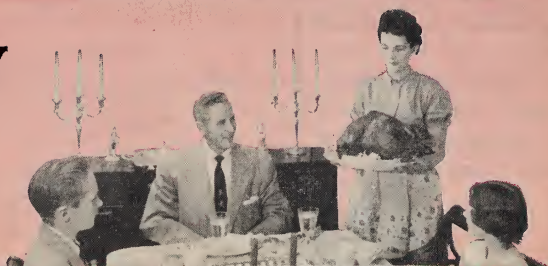
- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 cup vinegar | 1 teaspoon pepper |
| 2 cups water | 1 tablespoon salt |
| 2 cups catsup | ½ teaspoon dry mustard |
| ½ teaspoon cayenne pepper | 1 teaspoon chili powder |
| 2 bay leafs | 1 teaspoon brown sugar |

Two Bean Salad

- 2 avocados—peeled and cubed
- 1 package of frozen baby limas—cooked and chilled
- 1 can French string beans—chilled
- Lettuce
- French dressing

Cook the lima beans Saturday and toss with the string beans and a few drops of French dressing. Cover and store in refrigerator. Just before serving Sunday add the avocados and a little more French dressing and serve on lettuce cups.

Sunday we rest



Cream Puffs (16 large)

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 cup water | 4 eggs |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of shortening | 1 cup of flour sifted |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt | |

Bring the water and shortening to the boiling point, add flour and salt. Cook, stirring constantly until the dough leaves the sides of the pan, and stirs in one piece. Take from heat and add eggs one at a time; beat well with electric mixer or rotary egg beater after each egg is added. Beat for 5 minutes after all eggs have been added. Drop from tablespoon 2 inches apart onto greased baking sheet. Bake at 450° F. for 10 minutes and at 375° F. for 25 minutes. Store in cool dry place and serve filled with vanilla ice cream and top with berries fresh or partially thawed.

Menu #2

- Chicken Cashew Casserole
- Shredded Carrots
- Honey Onions
- Jello Fruit Salad
- Marshmallow Refrigerator Loaf

This entire menu may be prepared Saturday with just the heating up of the casserole and onions on Sunday.

Chicken Cashew Casserole

- | | |
|---|-----------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped onions | 1 cup finely chopped celery |
|---|-----------------------------|

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 2 tablespoons butter | 4 cups diced cooked chicken |
| 2 cans mushroom soup | |
| 1 can chicken broth | 1 can chow mein noodles |
| 2 tablespoons soy sauce | $\frac{3}{4}$ cup split cashew nuts |
| sprinkle of black pepper | |

Stew a chicken until tender. Remove from bones and leave in fairly large pieces. Sauté the onion and celery in butter. Add soup and broth. Add seasonings and chicken and simmer all together for a few minutes. Pour into large casserole, sprinkle with noodles and nuts and store in refrigerator overnight. Bake Sunday in a 350° F. oven until brown and bubbly.

Honey Onions

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 12 medium sized peeled onions | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey |
| salt and pepper | $\frac{1}{3}$ cup butter |
| | powdered cloves |

Cook whole onions in salted water until barely tender. Arrange in well-buttered baking dish and season with salt and pepper. Heat together the honey and butter and pour over the onions. Sprinkle with powdered cloves. Store in refrigerator overnight. Put in 350° F. oven along with the chicken casserole and bake until golden brown.

Marshmallow Refrigerator Loaf

- | | |
|--|--|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. quartered or tiny marshmallows | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped dates |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup whipping cream | 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups graham cracker crumbs |

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Pour water over marshmallows. Add whipped cream, nuts, and dates, and blend well. Add graham cracker crumbs and knead in well. Form into roll about 6 inches long and 3 inches thick and place in loaf pan. Let stand overnight. Serve in slices topped with whipped cream.

Menu #3

Meat Loaf with an Apricot Glaze
Scalloped Corn
Rainbow Salad
Soda Cracker Pie

This menu can be entirely prepared on Saturday with just the baking of the meat loaf and scalloped corn to be done on Sunday.

Scalloped Corn

4 tablespoons butter
½ cup flour
1½ teaspoons salt
¾ teaspoon mustard
½ teaspoon paprika
1½ cups scalded milk
1 can cream style corn
1 egg slightly beaten
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
1 cup buttered bread crumbs

On Saturday melt the butter, add flour mixed with the dry seasonings, and pour on milk gradually. Add corn, egg, and Worcestershire sauce. Pour into a buttered casserole and cover with buttered cracker crumbs. Store in refrigerator overnight, then Sunday bake with the meat loaf at 350° F. until brown.

The Rainbow Salad is made by shredding a small head of cabbage, small head of red cabbage, and three carrots, and mixing them together. Let stand for one hour in ice water. Drain well and moisten with salad dressing. Cover and store in refrigerator until ready to use.

Soda Cracker Pie

12 soda crackers
3 egg whites
1 cup walnuts, coarsely chopped
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ pint whipping cream

Beat the egg whites until stiff. Add the sugar gradually and continue beating. Fold in remaining ingredients. Pour mixture into a

well-greased pie plate. Bake 30 minutes at 350° F. When cool, top with whipped cream and chill in refrigerator overnight.

Menu #4

Creamed Chicken Served on
Mushroom Biscuits
Peas and thin Onion Rings
Porcupine Salad
Chocolate Ice Box Cake

This complete menu may be prepared Saturday. All that is necessary Sunday is to warm the creamed chicken and cook the vegetable. Stew the chicken until tender Saturday. Remove from bones, cube it, and add to a creamed sauce. Store in refrigerator until just before serving next day. The mushroom biscuit recipe is in the January 1960 Era. These may be cooked Saturday and served cold under the hot chicken or mixed Saturday and baked Sunday just before serving.

The Porcupine Salad is a large half pear stuck with splinters of almonds and served on salad greens.

Chocolate Ice Box Cake

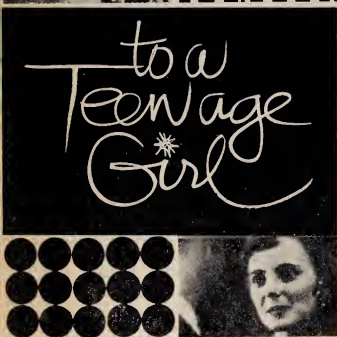
½ lb. butter
¾ cup sugar
4 eggs
2 teaspoons vanilla
¼ teaspoon salt
2 squares chocolate
30 vanilla wafers
1 cup pecans

Cream the butter and sugar, add egg yolks, and beat until fluffy and light. Melt chocolate and add with the nuts, salt, and vanilla. Fold in the beaten egg whites. Put in layers in refrigerator tray with the vanilla wafers. First layer wafers, last layer chocolate. Will serve 8 people.

WEATHER VANE

by Ethel E. Mann

A chimney leaned against the sky
Then quickly, without warning,
It aimed a long, gray sliver, high.
(There is no wind, this morning.)
I sense a life beyond the smoke
Where shadows are retreating,
As though one slumbering, just
awoke
Responsive to a greeting!



ON BEING A LADY

Wake Up, It's Spring!

Wake up the potential you, who's hiding behind those dreamy eyes and show the world you are really somebody, a person with clever ideas and fearless convictions. You know you really are a fascinating person in your own right. Why stagnate behind a pretty face? You have some very special original thoughts under those curls. Think! Use that brain of yours. Stir yourself. Open your eyes to the whole world. Really see everything there is to see and then let it soak in. Every day open a new door, read something enlightening, listen to good music, notice something new around you, do something worth while you have never done before, make a new acquaintance. Do all this, and a bright new world will be yours. Keep that mind of yours working every minute and shiny unexplored horizons, and many, many new friends will be yours.

If your eyes are open and your mind working, you can't help but be interesting. Be sure your voice mirrors your wide-awake spirit. One fellow said, "I like to phone Jinny. She always sounds as if she was just waiting for me to call." No deadness or drabness in her hello! But after the hello you must know how to carry on. Good talk is precious. Being an interesting conversationalist is a wonderful talent. It is based on

Gold Ribbon Winner at County Fair gives you her recipe for **Family Loaf**

"I named my recipe for my wonderful family who pitched in to help make my fair entry," says Mrs. Hoyt Palmer of Salt Lake City, Utah, who won the new Gold Ribbon for yeast baking at the Salt Lake County Fair. "And Fleischmann's Yeast deserves a lot of credit, too. That's the kind we prize-winning cooks like best. It's such a dependable fast rising yeast that you can be sure your baking will turn out just right."

"I hope you'll have as good luck with my recipe as I did. It won the Gold Ribbon for me! And I made my entry with Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast."



Family Loaf

1 package or cake Fleischmann's Yeast, active dry or compressed
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup warm, not hot, water (lukewarm for compressed yeast)
 1 tablespoon shortening
 1 tablespoon honey

2 tablespoons molasses
 1 tablespoon salt
 3 cups milk, scalded
 6 cups whole wheat flour
 3 cups sifted all-purpose flour (about)

Dissolve yeast in water. Add the shortening, honey, molasses and salt to scalded milk. Cool to lukewarm and add yeast. Add whole wheat flour to make a soft dough. Add about 3 cups flour as needed and knead thoroughly. (In this last mixing process I use white flour). Let rise until double in bulk. Knead down. Let the dough rest 10 minutes. Shape into loaves, kneading well to get out all air bubbles. Let rise until nearly double in

bulk. Bake at 400° for 10 to 15 minutes. (Until lightly brown). Reduce heat to 350° for 45 minutes. Makes 2 large loaves.



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that time-honored rule of being interested, sincerely interested in what the other person is saying and doing. Being really interested in what happens to him. You can cultivate all this. It is a part of what we have been talking about, keeping your mind awake and being aware.

Do you find it hard to make conversation on a date? If you do, it's because you are thinking of yourself rather than of the one you are with. Conversation is just a ball to be tossed back and forth. You must be ready for this ball. Spend time planning—reading, observing, then practise putting it in words while you are doing dishes some night. Have subject matter on the tip of your tongue. What about sports, new movies, and books? Praise be, for their endless possibilities. Then find out the special interests of the one with whom you are to be. Know his likes and dislikes, his ambitions, and hobbies, and you are all set.

Live on your toes, anticipating a wonderful tomorrow but never forget the glorious moment.

MAKER OF QUILTS

by Maude Rubin

Her hands move slowly through the colored skeins,
Making their careful choice, then briefly rest
On cherished fabrics. Down through time's green lanes
Her reverie moves backward, through love-blest
And shining days, through dark of loss. The years
Have hurried past like thoughts at night. No trace
Of doubt survives; faith's glowing spheres
Have filled its void. Old fingers' needle pace
Is slow, but briar-stitch takes perfect form
To fence rose silk, gold velvet. Intricate
Garlands border white satin. Pictures swarm
Through dusk like butterflies, their radiant wings
Hiding the fabrics' colors. Their silence sings!

Aunt Jody

(Continued from page 149)

through all the difficulties they had to meet.

The Wood company came to the Dirty Devil again. At first it was not the terrible stream they found it to be farther down. There being no ferry, they "plunged in," and then they wondered whether they would ever get out; the current threatened to roll their wagons down the stream.

They walked to ease the burden of the teams; they traveled late at night, children crying with the cold, and had partly to unload in order to make their beds. They drove through "The Gates of Hell," with barely room for the wagons to pass between cliffs rising three hundred feet high. On steep hills they doubled teams, slid with rough-locks down steep places; and on sidling roads Jense and Willard hung on the upperside of the wagons to keep them from tipping over.

At another crossing of the Dirty Devil, and Jody wrote, "We have to unload again, the boatman will not take much at one time in his boat, he takes a wagon at a time, and then the luggage. He has gone across seven times, and we are not over yet. Now he comes for us. Oh, pray for us! He wants to take us all in one load, but I want him to take just part, so if we go down there will be some one left, to tell the tale. He says we will be safe, at least he can save himself and me, and I can tell the story. We went on the boat, but my heart went faint, and I went blind and I clung to my dear children. Now we are over and thank our Heavenly Father."

Even that was not the last, nor the worst crossing of the Dirty Devil. At the next crossing they had no boat, and had to drive in, hazarding the swift current, and the holes and quicksands on the bottom. There is still a sound of dismay in the written words: "We have to cross again. You would pity us if you could see us today. Our team was first, and when the poor horses came to the bank they had to drop straight down into the water, and when they pulled the wagon in, it came to the bottom with a bump, standing almost straight up and down. Towards the other side we came to a



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dead standstill, the team couldn't pull the two wagons while they jumped up the steep bank. But Oh My, we couldn't get with the children to the bank, and Sam had to get out in the water and drop his trail wagon which was sinking in the quicksand. We had to hurry. With much whipping and shouting, we got the first wagon up the bank and pulled to one side. The horses didn't want to go in the water again, but they went and were hitched on the other wagon and finally got it to the bank. "Willard Butt put six horses on his wagon and tried to cross a little higher up. All six horses and the wagon began to go down, and the

teams could not move it. All the men had to rush into the water to save the team. It looked as if the horses would tromp the men to death in their rearing and plunging. Sam had to hold one of the horse's head up while the other boys unhitched his tugs and let him free. He straightened up and fell many times in the water, while we stood on the bank shaking and trembling. Just think of six horses jerking and pulling and getting fast in the harness, and not moving the wagon an inch! And only three men to do anything. The horses felt so bad that they had to be unhitched, while the wagon was still sinking in the

Debt: a real and actual obligation

Richard L. Evans



Last week we spoke of the false philosophy of supposing that if we have made one mistake, it won't matter much if we make one more, and of the need for reversing a wrong process if we ever want things to go the right way. There is yet this

further thought on a somewhat related subject, and it has to do with debt. Debt is a burden, a worry (or should be)—that is, it should be if it is a debt past due. Debt is a real and actual obligation. It represents the use of something that actually wasn't ours, or the use of something for which we have postponed payment. And it is a fallacy to feel that being somewhat deep in debt, it doesn't matter very much if we go yet deeper. Here, in a sense, is a matter of repentance, a matter of reversing the process. No one in debt is likely to get out unless he does something different from that which got him into debt. Of course, there is the unavoidable, the unexpected: the accidents, the illnesses, and other adverse events; and there is generally a disposition to be understanding of the necessary and the unavoidable. But basically, borrowing carries with it the obligation of paying back. Either we reduce obligations or we increase obligations, and credit is given with the expectancy that the debtor will reduce the debt. And respect and confidence and sound credit come with an honest attitude toward honoring obligations. Embarrassment and discomfort and the killing of confidence and credit come with ignoring or attempting to move out from under obligations. No man is ever out of debt who always goes in deeper. No man is ever out of debt who always promises more than he pays. In this, as in other things also, the direction in which we move matters much. And because a man may be down deep, doesn't mean that he should go down deeper. And this, or any other, is a season to resolve not needlessly or irresponsibly to go down deeper into debt.

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middle of the river. They had to unload everything in the wagon, and carry it out in their hands. The men were wet to the neck, and the water so cold. They worked for hours bringing the load out; it seemed impossible that so much could be in one wagon. They hitched six horses on the empty wagon, and after much prying up of the wheels, and lifting they got the wagon across, while we got dinner so the poor men could have something warm to eat. I partly unloaded our wagon to find dry clothes for them.

"Julie and the three children rode across to our side on the horses, but Aunt Elsie didn't dare to ride; we were all on our side of the river but her, and what to do, nobody knew. So Jense, a big six-footer, (he was more than six feet tall) went over and got her on his back, and plodded with her through the river. We were all anxious but laughing hard to ourselves. When they came out safely, we all had a good laugh, but Aunt Elsie said: 'Now, Jody, don't write this in your diary!'"

Crawling on towards the Colorado, some days they progressed seven miles a day, sometimes nine or a little more. Wind and cold, "give-out" horses, weather so unpleasant they ate sometimes in the wagon without trying to have a fire in the wind. "When they told us this was better than the other road they surely didn't know what they were talking about. I do think it is a sin to have people travel such roads. We better have gone round by Green River, it is five hundred miles that way." Later on she wrote: "This is twenty-four days from home; we thought to have been nearly to Bluff by now. Well the wind is still blowing, the children crying, and we have to bake for supper, with sad hearts at the thought of getting up the mountain that is before us, and then, the river! Oh dear, would anybody else on earth travel such roads? No one but Mormons, and then the sun is shining while we eat in silence."

When at long last they reached the dreaded Colorado River, the place of the crossing was washed out, compelling them to climb up and over a mountain to come to the river higher up. On that mountain they had tribulations again, in which they could move but one wagon at a time by hitching it to six span, that is twelve horses, and then got only part way up the pitch and had to



All sorts of advice for modern, American living can be found on the women's pages of The Salt Lake Tribune. **There is advice**—from Edan Wright—for teenagers; advice—from Ann Landers—for anyone; food buying advice; fashion advice; food preparation advice; beauty advice; health advice and advice for home care.

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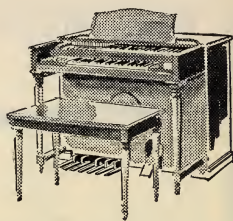
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stop and unload. "The poor horses pulled and jerked and fell down—so many of them together. So they left part of the load, and had to carry the things from there to the top. It was such hard work, the men were so tired they could not carry much more than a pillow. The horses did not work any harder than I did, trying to get up with my baby boy. But the Lord prepared our backs for the burden, or they would have been half broken. If you could see our teams and our men—Well if we live till we get to the other side, I shall write again."

They spent all day moving three hundred yards, "and so we stop; men, women, children and teams all

tired out. It is very cold here on top of the mountain, with the river ever so far below us. It looks very scary."

After their perilous descent to the river, and their hair-raising crossing, "This is the most pleasant evening since we left Cedar. If when we are through life's journey, and are safe on the other side, if we are as happy as we are tonight, I think I shall be satisfied, here with my five children, and all the dear ones safe."

When they had been a month on the road they were still somewhere in the wilderness between the Colorado River and Bluff, and the account is not given of their final arrival.

These Times

(Continued from page 132)

Vocations: "Change the labor laws allowing teen-agers under 16 years of age the privilege of working." . . . "The school needs to establish a system to help teen-agers acquire jobs."

The following points from the heading, "The Family" are reprinted directly from the report. Here is the fundamental area of challenge. These items, remember, *come from Utah homes*. This is not a report from the young people of Manhattan, Los Angeles, or Baltimore:

1. The family needs to become a family again instead of just a group of " . . . individuals living together."

2. The family needs to do things together. They should play, work, study, go to church, go on outings, have family nights, and create a wholesome family life.

3. There needs to be more interest in and love for teen-agers from their parents. Parents need to show a willingness to " . . . talk over the problems of youth." Teen-agers want more opportunities to confide in their parents.

4. "We grow up too fast." There are too many privileges for early dating and early use of automobiles.

5. Parents need to assume more leadership. "Put father back at the head of the family." Parents should set a good example for harmonious family life.

6. There needs to be a better definition of home duties. "We want to know what is expected of us."

7. Parents are " . . . justified in setting hours for teen-agers to return from dates."

8. Teen-age marriages are too often the result of youth who are "trying to escape an unhappy home life." They think it is the " . . . easy way out." They think it will " . . . solve their problems." "Early dating and the use of automobiles . . ." also contributes to early marriages.

How can we meet these challenges?

The fundamental issue, in Utah, is probably not lack of desire, attitude, instruction, or preaching to parents. The issue may be fundamentally an issue of *time*. This is my best observation, offered as a social scientist. Too many of us have become "organization men and women." We are ambitious people. We work hard all day. We fill our nights with organizational activities; business; educational; church; civic; plus dinner clubs. The harsh truth is that little or no time is *scheduled* for the family. The family is supposed to get along with unscheduled time, of which none is usually left!

In the rural society most older parents still remember, there was always left-over time. In modern, urban, industrial society, every organization tends to become a time-demanding, time-consuming monster. When the job (husband's and wife's), the service club, the social functions that go with the job, the chamber of commerce, the labor union, the professional association, the educational front, the many-faceted religious organizations, all

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train their demands for the individual's time—there is no time left. The report of the youngsters, "We don't get enough sleep," can be repeated and expanded for their parents. Too few modern urban men have learned to say "no" to demands on time which must be literally fought for, in which to snatch a few moments to collect, organize, and administer a family. Most families are not administered. They proceed by chance, circumstance, and the grace of organization.

No one organization seems to respect any time but its own. Grandparents, uncles, aunts, and cousins were an intimate part of the life of every individual a generation ago. Who among us today has spent five minutes in the last year calling on a senior uncle or aunt—compared with the time spent in organization after working hours?

The family is the principal social casualty of the industrial revolution. All that solidly remains is the biological function: a young husband and wife in their years of producing the young. As soon as the young are old enough to become mobile, they go or are whisked away by the modern multi-leviathans of organization. They continue the mad race until old age confines them in a setting where, finally, time, having lost its value to the organizations, becomes a problem.

The personal administration and parceling out of time is among the modern individual's central problems.

The family lacks a paid, administrative staff to demand response to its demands for time. All other organizations have their bureaucracies—devising uses for the family's time. Mother, bless her heart, has no secretary; no one to answer the phone for her.

Can the unorganized family compete with the organized organizations and survive? Can the family organize itself and function successfully in some time sacred to it?

This is the problem pointed by our children in these times.

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—Edith M. J. Hounsell

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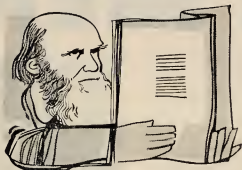
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The Last Word



Charles Darwin, English naturalist (1809-82): If I had my life to live over again, I would make it a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once a week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept alive through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness.

Success or failure in life is caused more by mental attitude than by mental capacities.

Said the rich and single aunt to her nephew: "I'm sorry you don't like your gift, but I asked if you preferred a large check or a small one."

Replied the ungrateful nephew: "True enough, but I didn't know you were talking about neckties."

Johnny: Say, Dad, do you know you're a lucky man?

Father: How is that, son?

Johnny: You won't have to buy new books for me this year. I am taking last year's work over again.

The Joy of Appreciation

As a simple, unpretentious admirer of fine art, Elbert Hubbard derived much pleasure from visiting the great art galleries. One day he was admiring a priceless painting in a New York gallery when a friend chidingly remarked, "Elbert, why do you allow yourself to become so enthusiastic over things you can never afford to own?"

"Harry," replied the sage of East Aurora, "I would rather be able to appreciate things I cannot have than to have things I am not able to appreciate."

The surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be.

—De Scales



Wisdom and watchfulness are necessary for the guidance of children. Their manner of thinking begins to develop very early, and in their growth, they are much like the plant which needs fertilizing and pruning. Shall we let the character of boys and girls become less nurtured than plants?

A plain bar of iron is worth five dollars. This same bar of iron, when made into horseshoes, is worth \$10.50. If made into needles, it is worth \$4,285.00. If turned into balance wheels for watches, it becomes worth \$250,000.00. This is true of another kind of material—you. Your value is determined by what you make of yourself.

James M. Hughes, American educator.

Two husbands were discussing their status at home. Said one:

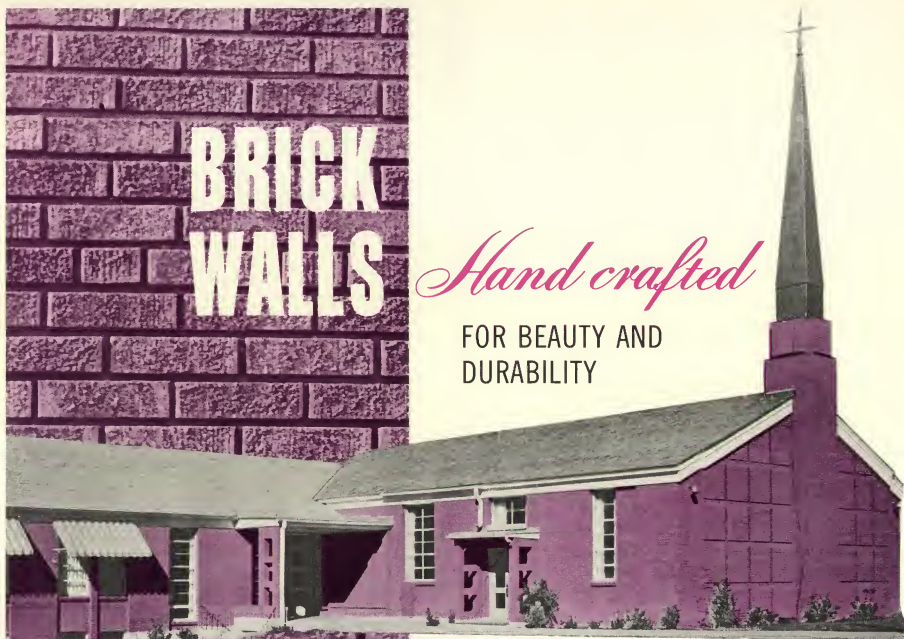
"I am the boss in my house. Last night, for example, there was no hot water when I wanted some, so I raised the roof. And, believe me, I got lots of hot water—in a hurry."

Then after a pause, he added: "I hate to wash dishes in cold water."

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